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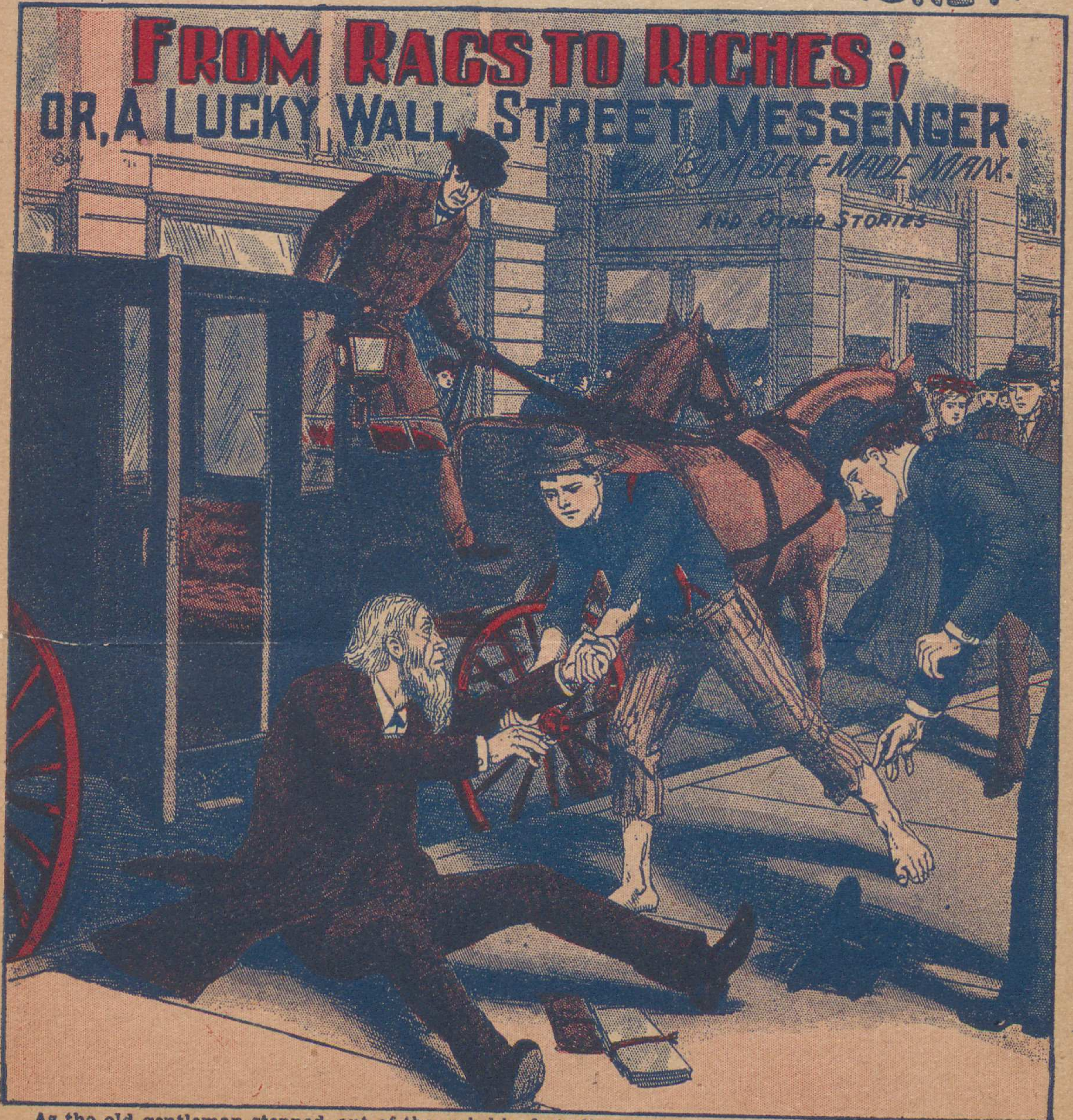
FAME AND FORTUNE

WEEKLY

Stories OF BOYS who make MONEY.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES ;
OR, A LUCKY WALL STREET MESSENGER.
BY A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



As the old gentleman stepped out of the cab his feet slipped from under him and he fell to the sidewalk. Bob instantly darted forward. "Let me help you up, sir," he said, seizing the bewildered man by the arm.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1925

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FROM RAGS TO RICHES

OR, A LUCKY WALL STREET MESSENGER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER 1.—Introduces the Hero and His Place of Abode.

A carriage stopped one afternoon before a poor tenement in a squalid neighborhood of the City of New York, and an elegantly dressed lady alighted, as the liveried footman obsequiously held the door open for her, while the coachman sat as stiff as a grenadier on his seat, with his long whip pointing skyward. The appearance of such a stylish equipage in that street, which was seldom visited by the satellites of the Street Cleaning Department, created something of a sensation among the residents. The lady gathered her dress about her and entered the dingy and narrow hallway, the walls of which were seamed and cracked, and blackened with the dirt of years. At that moment a boy about fifteen years of age came walking down the block, with a springy step characteristic of him. There was nothing remarkable about this lad's appearance—nothing except that he looked brighter and more intelligent than the other boys of his class who were congregated in groups about the corners of the street and the entrances of gloomy, ill-smelling alleyways. His attire indicated the poverty which seemed the chronic condition of all the dwellers in that neighborhood.

His name was Bob Burton, and he lived with a distant relative, who had married a longshoreman, residing on the top floor, back, of the tenement before which the carriage was drawn up. His parents were dead and he was practically thrown on his own resources.

"Hello, Bob!" said one of three boys who were sunning themselves astride of a row of empty beer kegs in front of a dingy saloon, "ain't yer got no work yet?"

"Nothing doing," Bob replied, without a smile, for he was not feeling particularly cheerful over his failure to obtain employment. "I've been out since seven this morning, tramping the streets, and I haven't been able to catch on."

"Why don't yer learn the printin' biz?" asked another of the boys. "Me brother is makin' t'ree per at a joint in Gold Street."

"I'd do it if I could get a decent chance. I'm willing to do anything that's honest."

"I kin put yer on to a job," chipped in the third, with a grin. "Bud Sykes, in the next block, wants a big boy in his saloon to sweep up, clean the spittoons, and do sich t'in's. He'll give yer t'ree cases if yer good for anythin'."

"No, I don't care to work in a saloon," replied Bob, decidedly.

"Where do yer want to work? In a bank?" asked the first one, with a grin.

"Yes, I should like to work in a bank first-rate," replied Bob, good-naturedly.

"I see yer workin' in a bank, I don't t'ink."

"If yer stuck on a bank, why don't yer go down to Wall Street and ask for a job in one? Mebbe yer'll get it," chuckled one of the lads.

"Say, fellows, that's a swell rig in front of our house," said Bob. "Who's the caller?"

"It's a lady. Yer ought ter have seen her rags. They're way up in G. She comes from Fift' Avenoo."

"Well, I'm going into the house," said Bob.

"If I wuz you I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Benson jest went in, dat's all, and he's got a jag on, so yer know wot ter expect." Bob's face clouded at that news. He knew well enough that Mr. Benson, his relative's husband, was a man of ugly disposition, and was at his worst when he had liquor aboard. Benson had always handled him without gloves, and of late was particularly morose with him because he was out of work, which meant that the head of the household had less money to spend in the ways most congenial to his lowbred nature. As Bob was obliged to turn in all he earned to the lady of the house, who was a vinegary woman of uncertain age, her lord and master always managed to wheedle enough out of her when he was not working himself, a condition that was getting to be chronic with him, to keep himself supplied with tobacco and stimulants.

Bob, however, was a plucky lad, and always faced the music, be the prospect ever so unpleasant, so the fact that Mr. Benson had just gone home well primed did not deter him from walking into the tenement and up the four flights of rickety stairs to the miserable apartments that sheltered him. A consumptive-looking oil lamp

lighted each landing and scarcely more than served to make the darkness visible. When Bob reached the top floor he paused before one particular door and listened.

Usually when Benson came home well corned he tried to pick a quarrel with his wife. The absence of any unusual sounds inside reassured the boy and he turned the knob and entered. Both of the Bensons regarded Bob with an unfavorable glance as he closed the door and advanced into the room.

"You're home early," spoke up Mr. Benson, pausing in the act of filling his well-blackened briar-root pipe. There was a note of menace in his tones, and his brow grew dark as he looked the boy over, for an early home coming did not indicate that Bob had picked up a job. Bob made no reply, for prudential reasons, and sat down near the lady.

"It's the same old story, I suppose," said Mrs. Benson, in an equally unpleasant voice, as she put down her teacup. "You've got nothin' to do and you want your supper?"

"I'm sorry, Cousin Jane—" began Bob, as pleasantly as possible, but Mr. Benson cut him short.

"What have you been doin' all day?" he snarled. "Loafin' 'round the streets?"

"I've been looking for work since seven this morning, and I'm dead tired," said Bob, quietly.

"Been lookin' for work, have you?" replied the man, sarcastically. "And you couldn't find it, though I counted more'n a hundred advertisements for boys in the mornin' paper. The trouble with you is that you're lazy, and you don't want to find nothin'. You think you can come home when you please and fill your stomach on our good victuals without showin' cause. Well this thing has got to be stopped right now," declared Mr. Benson, smiting the table with one of his ponderous, hairy fists. "If you don't fetch no money in the house you can't eat here no more, nor you can't sleep here neither, see? We don't keep no star boarders, understand that."

"Where can I go?" asked Bob, who had not contemplated making a change.

"To the dickens, for all I care!" growled the man, lighting his pipe. "At any rate, you can't have no supper here to-night, nor any other till you get a job. D'ye hear that? As me and Jane has somethin' to talk about now you'd better remove yourself at once. We don't want you 'round." That was a pretty plain kick-out, and Bob looked at his relative to see if she was in full sympathy with her husband. Apparently she was, so Bob, without another word, put on his hat and left the place.

CHAPTER II.—Bob Interferes in A Good Cause.

The boy felt decidedly down in the mouth as he started to descend the stairs to the street. He didn't know where to go. He was hungry and tired, and didn't have a cent to buy even a cup of coffee. Although the apartments of the Bensons was in no way attractive to him, and their society uncongenial, still it was the only home he had known since the death of his mother, consequently his unceremonious dismissal, which might be final, for all he knew to the contrary,

left him like a rudderless boat afloat in mid-stream. He heard a door open and close on the landing below, a quick step, then an exclamation in a woman's voice, followed by a stifled scream. He stopped and listened. The sounds of some kind of a struggle came up to him, and then a muffled cry for help.

"Some one's in trouble," he exclaimed, excitedly, forgetting his hunger and weariness. "I must see what's the matter."

"Be quiet, will yer?" he heard in hissing tones, "or I'll choke the life out of yer. Drop yer pocket-book, or by——" He slipped down the stairs like lightning, and as he dashed forward he struck a match, for the lamp barely illuminated its own corner. As the match flared up he saw a handsomely dressed lady in the grip of a low-browed human, who was trying to choke her. That was enough for Bob. He sprang upon the rascal, like a young tiger, and struck him a heavy blow on the point of his jaw. The blow proved to be a clean knockout, and the scoundrel went down, with the lady in his grasp. Bob was about to follow up his advantage by jumping on the fellow when, to his surprise, the ruffian lay quite still. The lady uttered a low moan and made a feeble effort to rise, then fell back on the floor. It happened that none of the rooms on that floor were occupied at that time, and so nobody came out to see what was up.

"This must be the lady who came in the carriage," thought Bob. "That villain has been lying in wait for her and assaulted her in order to rob her of her money and other valuables. I must carry her downstairs at once." As Bob raised her in his arms she began to revive.

"Don't struggle, ma'am, you're safe," said the boy, reassuringly. "I'll take you to your carriage." The lady seemed to recognize the friendliness of his tones, though she could not see his face in the gloom of the landing.

"That man—where is he?" she asked, gaspingly.

"Don't worry about him. I knocked him out as clean as a whistle. He's lying on the floor. But he may get his senses back at any minute, so we'd better make a move."

"Yes, yes; take me to my carriage, please." They started down the next flight, the lady growing stronger every moment.

"You're a brave boy, whoever you are, and I shall see that you are rewarded."

"I don't want any reward, ma'am. I'm glad I saved you from being robbed."

"You did indeed save me. I cannot be too grateful to you. What's your name?"

"Bob Burton, ma'am."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was fortunate for me that you appeared when you did. That wretch was choking me. Another moment and I should have been unconscious. I was visiting a poor woman on that floor. It was a mission of charity. That is the first time I was ever attacked in a tenement."

"That man must have been some crook who saw you enter the building and then started to waylay you on the dark landing. I hope you are feeling all right now," added Bob, as they started down the last flight.

"I am very much better, though my throat pains

me a good deal from the man's fingers. You must let me do something unrecognized.

"Well, ma'am, if you know where I could get some work to do right away, it would be all I'd ask for what I did."

"You shall have work, depend on it. I'll speak to my husband when I get home. Here is my card with my address on it. Perhaps you could call this morning. My husband would be glad to see and thank you for the service you have rendered me. Take this collar. It will pay your car-fare."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Bob, delightfully. "I'll be glad to call this evening, that is, if you don't object to my ragged clothes. These are all I've got."

"Never mind about your clothes. You shall have a new suit if you will accept it." Bob escorted her to her carriage, much to the surprise of the boys who knew him.

"Now, don't fail to come up to-night," she said. "Remember, I shall expect you." With these words she allowed the footman to close the door. He then sprang up on his seat, the coachman flicked the off horse with the whip and the carriage rolled away. Bob stuffed the bill into his pocket, briefly answered the questions of the boys who flocked about him, and then hurried off to the nearest restaurant, where he treated himself to a first-class meal. Then he walked to City Hall Park and sat down on one of the benches to take a good rest and pass the interval before it was time to take a car uptown. Consulting the card, he found that the lady's name was Mrs. Horace Townsend, and that she lived on Riverside Drive. He knew that there were lots of swell houses on that avenue, and he entertained serious misgivings as to his personal appearance in the reception-room of one of them.

CHAPTER III.—Bob Becomes A Wall Street Messenger.

Bob was not surprised at the toneyness of Mr. Townsend's home when he reached the number printed on the lady's card. It was surrounded by a fine velvety lawn and faced upon the Hudson River. A servant answered his ring, and as though directions had been issued regarding him, he was immediately shown a dimly lighted parlor, whose magnificence almost paralyzed the boy, while the domestic went upstairs to announce his arrival. Presently the woman returned and asked Bob to follow her. She led him to a sitting-room on the second floor, where he was received and welcomed by Mrs. Townsend, who introduced him to her husband, a fine-looking man of thirty-five, and her daughter, Edith, a charming young girl.

Bob, conscious of the figure he cut in his ragged apparel, was greatly embarrassed by his splendid surroundings, but his host and hostess, as well as Miss Townsend, hastened to try and put him at his ease. The gentleman thanked him, with evident gratitude, for his pluck in going to the rescue of his wife that afternoon, and told him that it would give him great pleasure to be of service to him in any manner whatever. The question of work for Bob then being brought up, the gentleman began to question the boy as to his qualifications. He was clearly surprised at Bob's unusual intelligence and shrewdness. Finally he said:

"How would you like to work in Wall Street?"

"It would suit me first-rate, sir," replied Bob, beamingly; "but there isn't much chance of that unless I get some good clothes."

"I'll see that you are properly outfitted, my lad," said Mr. Townsend, with a smile. "I am a banker and broker, and have an office in Wall Street. I am in need of a messenger, and as I rather like your face and manner, and perceive that you are an unusually bright boy, I am willing to give you the place." Bob was overjoyed at his good luck, and assured the gentleman that he would do his very best to make good.

"I'm satisfied that you'll pull through all right, young man. I'll give you an order on an outfitter's in Broadway, and I want you to buy yourself two first-class suits, with hat and shoes, and everything else you may feel that you require. Then, after dressing yourself up, you can present yourself at my office and ask for me." The broker left the room for a few moments, and when he returned he handed Bob the order for his outfit and his business card. Bob then laid his present situation before the gentleman and asked his advice.

"I should certainly advise you to cut loose from your Dover Street connections," said the broker. "That you may do so without embarrassment, I will give you twenty dollars to provide yourself with a new boarding place and furnish you with a little pocket-money against emergencies. Your wages will be seven dollars a week, and you can base your arrangements on that income for the present. I will advance you as circumstances dictate." Bob had only received four dollars in his last place, and hardly looked for more than five in Wall Street, therefore seven seemed like a princely sum to him. He left the Townsend home feeling as though he were walking on air, and succeeded in finding a room with board that very night at the home of a motherly old lady on Christopher Street. He lost no time next morning in fitting himself out in a thoroughly respectable manner, which made a wonderful change in his personal appearance and feelings.

He appeared at Mr. Townsend's office at a little after ten, and that gentleman had to look at him twice, and sharply at that, to identify his visitor as the same boy who had called at his house the preceding evening.

"Upon my word, you are quite a good-looking boy," said the broker. "Well, I've got to get over to the Exchange in a few minutes, so I'll give you an outline of what will be expected of you. It will take you a few days to accustom yourself to your duties, and any shortcomings on your part at first will be excused." Bob paid strict attention to his instructions, and was then directed to take his seat outside in the reception-room and there wait till his services were required. Bob had a number of errands to run that day, and acquitted himself in a highly satisfactory manner. At half-past three he was told that he could go for the rest of the day, and to be on hand at nine sharp next morning. Bob walked leisurely homeward, just as if he was a young chap of independent means, and the castles he built of the future would have taken a book of many pages to describe.

By the end of the week, when he was handed his first wages by the cashier, he was pretty well

broken into his new job, and Mr. Townsend told his wife that night that Bob Burton had all the earmarks of turning out a first-class messenger. On the following afternoon Bob dined with the Townsends, a rather unique honor for a messenger, but then he was regarded with great favor by them for the service he had rendered Mrs. Townsend, for which they were extremely grateful to him. Attired in his best suit, which fitted him as though made to order, he looked like a scion of the upper ten, and Mrs. Townsend congratulated him on his improved appearance. Miss Edith seemed to take a great liking to him at once.

Thus a year passed away, and Bob forgot all about his former unpleasant life, his rags, the Bensons, and the habitues of Dover Street. Mr. Townsend considered him the brightest as well as the smartest messenger in the Street, and not a few other brokers, with whom business brought him into contact, entertained the same opinion.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob's First Tip and What He Did With It.

Bob made a number of acquaintances among the messenger boys of Wall Street. Some he liked and some he didn't fancy. There was one lad in particular with whom he got on particularly friendly terms. His name was Oliver Turner, but no one called him anything but Ollie. He was a jolly, good-natured boy, with a round face flushed with health and exuberant spirits. For some reason he didn't look to be half as smart as he really was. He and Bob took a fancy to one another and soon got very chummy. Ollie had been two years in Wall Street, and during that time few points with the stock market had escaped him.

He had imbibed a longing to become a broker himself some day, but as his parents were in very humble circumstances the chances of his being able to branch out for himself seemed a dream of the dim future. Ollie was employed by a broker on the same floor of the office building in which Mr. Townsend's office was, consequently the two boys saw a good deal of each other. One morning both boys were sent on errands at the same time to a building in Exchange Place, and both came out into the corridor at the same moment.

"Hello, Ollie, where are you bound now?" asked Bob, as they came together.

"Pool Building," replied Ollie. "Going my way?"

"Sure. I'm going to the Pool, too."

"Glad to hear it. I want to tell you something," Ollie said as they dashed down the single flight of marble stairs to the sidewalk.

"What have you got to tell me?" asked Bob, curiously.

"How we could both make a haul in the market if we only had the money to do it with."

"How much money would it take?"

"Oh, it would take a lot of money to make a stake worth while."

"Then that lets us out, I guess."

"Yes. I'm always on the outs when there's anything good going around."

"Well, tell me about this good thing. I'd like to know about it even if I can't take a hand in it."

"There's a certain stock which is now selling around 55 that will be twenty points higher in less than ten days."

"What's the name of the stock?"

"N. & O."

"What's going to make it go up?"

"Because I heard three brokers I know talking this morning about a combination with another road, and one of them said that as soon as the news gets out N. & O. would jump fifteen or twenty points."

"I suppose that is what you call a tip?"

"That's just what it is—a first-class one. A regular copper-fastened cinch for any one who has the coin to back it. If I had \$100, or even \$50, I'd put it up on a ten per cent. margin on that stock."

"But I've heard that most of the brokers won't accept commissions from office boys any more. Mr. Townsend won't accept an order from any one for as low as \$100. It doesn't pay to bother with such a small deal."

"Oh, I know several brokers who would take my order if I had the money to back it. The best place to go to is a little bank on Nassau Street, right near Wall. This bank will accept an order for as low as five shares of any stock on the list."

"I've got something over \$100 saved up. How would it do for me to buy a few shares of the stock, and see how I'll come out?"

"Have you got as much as \$110?"

"Yes."

"Then you can get twenty shares on a ten per cent. margin. If you've got the money down here get it to-day and put it right into the shares. You'll more than double your money inside of ten days."

"That would be fine," said Bob, with much animation. "I think I'll do it." The boys had now reached the Pool Building and had to separate in order to deliver their several messages. Bob returned to his office fully impressed with the value of Ollie's pointer, and quite resolved to take the risk of investing his little capital.

"What are you thinking about, Bob," smiled Millie Brown, the stenographer, as he was on the point of passing her desk a little later.

"What would you give to know?" grinned Bob.

"I haven't anything to give away just now," she replied.

"I was thinking how I'd feel if I made a lot of money," he said.

"I know how I'd feel."

"How would you feel?"

"Like jumping out of my shoes."

"Well, I think I'd feel like a capitalist."

"Do you ever expect to be one?"

"Why not? Everybody is looking for money, and I've got to be in the swim."

"How do you expect to make all this money?"

"I don't know yet. Maybe in the market."

"That's a bad place to look for it."

"It is? Why, that's just where the people who come here do look for it."

"That's where they are foolish."

"Some of them are—the unlucky ones; but not all."

"It's a game of chance, Bob, most of the chances against you."

"If you happen to have a straight tip the chances are the other way, aren't they?"

"Only the people on the inside get the tips."

"Oh, I don't know. They occasionally leak out."

"Not very often."

"Well, I just got hold of one anyway."

"Bob Burton, have you got the fever at last?"

"What fever?"

"The Wall Street epidemic. If you have I think I see your finish, financially."

"Don't get too previous, Millie. Wait a while and see how I come out."

"If you don't lose this time you will the next, so it amounts to the same."

"I'll bet you a pound of candy I win."

"I'll take you up; but I don't believe you'll be able to pay your debt."

"I will if I have to call on my wages."

"All right. It's a go. Now run along; I've got some work to do." That afternoon Bob went to the little bank in Nassau Street and asked the margin clerk to buy him twenty shares of N. & O. at the market. He was assessed at 55, and went home feeling that life had a fresh attraction for him.

CHAPTER V.—The Result of Bob's First Stock Speculation.

For several days there was no change in the ruling price of N. & O., and Bob, who watched the ticker at every chance he got, was somewhat disappointed. Naturally he was itching to see the shares rise in value right away, for he had already begun to count his profit in advance in the transaction, which is like figuring on your chickens before they are hatched.

"What do you suppose is the matter with N. & O.?" he asked Ollie, on the third day. "Why don't it go up?"

"Don't be in such a stew about it, Bob? Don't you know that a watched pot never boils? That's what my granny used to say. Just forget about N. & O. for one whole day, and maybe it will begin to advance." The foregoing conversation happened during the boys' lunch hour, and when Bob got back to the office he decided to take Ollie's advice and not look at the ticker again that day. He kept his resolution. Next morning when he consulted the market report he found that N. & O. had gone up half a point.

"Well, that's something at any rate," he said to himself. "Just for luck I won't look at the ticker until after the Exchange closes." Later on, when he carried a note to the Astor Building, he overheard a group of brokers talking about N. & O. From what they said he judged that the news about the combination with the other road had got out.

"Something ought to be doing now in N. & O.," he said to himself. As a matter of fact, though he didn't know it yet, there was something doing at the Exchange around the N. & O. standard. Brokers were buying blocks of the stock from any other broker willing to sell; and the seller got a pretty stiff advance before he would accept a bid. As the day advanced the stock became harder to

get, for those who had it foresaw the rise that was coming and naturally wanted to participate in it. Next day Bob was kept too busy to keep any track of his little speculation. He was hardly in the office two minutes at a time between ten and half-past three. He knew there was a good deal of excitement in the Exchange during the entire session, and he found out that most of the tumult was about N. & O. When Bob finally got an opportunity to look at the ticker he found that the latest quotation of N. & O. was 72.

"Gee whiz!" he cried. "That's two points above the fifteen, and it's going to go higher to-morrow. I guess I'll hold on a while longer. Maybe it will go as high as 80." Ollie had been sent to Brooklyn that afternoon, so Bob didn't see him until next morning.

"Did you sell out yet, Bob?" asked his friend, eagerly.

"No. I'm waiting for the price to go higher."

"Why, I thought you were going to sell at a profit of twelve dollars a share?"

"I didn't get a chance to, and since then I've changed my mind."

"If I was you I'd get out from under right away, while you're on the sure side."

"I guess you're right. Just as soon as I can get within hailing distance of the bank I'll order my shares sold." Bob found no opportunity to reach the bank any time during business hours, and while he was chasing around the district with message after message his profits were piling up in N. & O., which went up to 80 5-8 by three o'clock.

"Well, I see N. & O. has gone to over 80, and is still holding on," said Ollie, when they came together at half-past three.

"Then you'd better give in your order now for to-morrow morning. The brokerage department receives orders up to four o'clock."

"Does it? I didn't know that. Let's go right away." They went and Bob told the clerk to sell him out at the market price first thing when the Exchange opened in the morning. A great many unwary speculators were caught in the slump, which came when it was not expected, as usual. Bob, however, had nothing to worry about, as his shares went at 80 7-8, and he made a clean profit of \$500. When he got his statement and his check he showed both to Miss Brown.

"I think you've lost the candy bet," he said laughingly.

"It looks like it. Well, here's a dollar. Go out and buy a pound."

"No," said Bob. "I think it's up to me to buy the candy since I've won so much money. At any rate, I'm going to do it, so put your money back in your pocketbook."

That afternoon he presented Millie with a pound box of the best chocolates, and she accepted it with a smile. In the evening he donned his best suit and made a call on Edith Townsend. He brought her a two-pound box of candy, and she gave him a scolding for being so extravagant. Bob then told her, as a profound secret, that she must keep to herself, that he had just won \$500 in the market on the rise of a certain stock. He showed her the check, whereupon she congratulated him, and said that she thought he was a very smart boy.

CHAPTER VI.—In Which Bob Makes A Vindictive Enemy.

Bob was now worth \$625, and he began to feel like a person of some consequence. As he felt that he owed his good luck in a large measure to Ollie Turner he made Ollie a present of \$25.

"You're a brick," said his friend, as he gratefully accepted the cash. "I never owned so much money at one time in all my life before."

The boys were standing in the corridor about midway between their respective offices, having just come back from the first morning errand. At that moment another messenger, named Rolf Gibson, but called "Gibby" for short, whom neither of the boys liked, came up the stairs at a hop, skip and a jump, and glided along the corridor as if he had roller skates on his feet. He worked for a broker named Blumstein at the rear of that floor, and Blumstein wasn't the most popular man in the Street, for a whole lot of reasons which we don't care to mention.

Gibby never bothered with Bob, because he had a certain respect for the stout, aggressive-looking lad; but he looked on Ollie as "pie," because Turner was smaller than himself, and looked too good-natured to pick a scrap with anyone. There was plenty of room in the corridor for Gibby to pass the two boys, but he thought it would be good fun, for himself, to upset Ollie if he could do it by an apparent accident.

Ollie merely gave him a glance as he approached in a reckless way, but Bob suspected that he contemplated mischief and kept his eye on him.

Suddenly Gibby shot toward Turner with the force of a stone from a catapult. Instantly, Bob seized his companion by the arm and whisked him around out of Gibby's course. Blumstein's messenger, having confidently counted on striking Ollie a heavy blow, put extra force into his swoop. When, owing to Bob's vigilance, he hit nothing but air, he slid smack up against the wall at a tangent that took him off his feet, and sent him rolling half a dozen feet away. He was a pretty mad boy when he picked himself up, and it didn't make him feel any better to notice that Bob and Ollie were laughing at him. Gibby doubled up his fists and drew near in a threatening way.

"If youse don't quit yer laughin' at me I'll punch yer in the snoot."

"I don't think you'll punch him, Gibby," said Bob quietly. "He's not a fair match for you, so leave him alone."

"Aw, shut up. Who are youse, anyway?" snorted Gibby.

"Look here, Gibby, if you're looking for trouble you'll get all that's coming to you," flashed Bob.

"Who'll give it to me?"

"You'd better go on to your office, or Blumstein will come out and snatch you baldheaded."

"I s'pose youse two t'ink yer kin lick me."

"We aren't thinking anything about it," returned Bob, rather exasperated at the persistency of Blumstein's messenger. "What we are thinking about is that it's time you went to your office and let us alone."

"Yah!" blared Gibby, beginning to imagine that Bob was showing the white feather. "I'll go when I feel like it. Youse don't own dis hall. Wot

yer snickerin' about?" giving Ollie a rude shove against his friend.

"Don't do that again," said Bob, stepping forward, with a look that meant business. "I won't stand for it."

"Den youse kin lump it," replied Gibby aggressively.

"Don't get into a scrap over me, Bob," said Ollie, stepping forward and laying one hand on his friend's arm.

"Aw, git back where yer belong," said Gibby, giving him another shove.

Smack! Bob struck Gibby a resounding whack in the face with his open hand, making his jaw tingle. With a howl of anger Blumstein's messenger struck out at Bob's face, but Burton dodged and the blow missed him. Bob, finding that he had to defend himself, went for his opponent like a flash of lightning. Biff! Whack! Smash! Every blow told, and Gibby for a moment thought a piledriver had hit him. The third whack settled the business, and he went down on the marble floor dazed and fully convinced that he had had enough.

"Have you had all you want?" asked Bob, standing over him with flashing eyes.

Gibby got up and slowly hauled off.

"I'll get square wit' youse for dat, see if I don't," he said, venomously. "I'll fix yer if I die fer it."

Throwing a vindictive look at Bob, he walked away down the corridor.

"You seem to know how to use your fists," said Ollie, looking at Bob admiringly. "You put it all over him in no time at all."

"He would have it," replied Bob. "He was just aching to mix things up with us, so when I sailed in I gave him all I could."

"He won't tackle you again, I'll bet."

"Maybe not; but he threatened me just the same. He's a vindictive rooster. Just the kind of chap that would hit you when you weren't looking. I've no use for such fellows."

"Neither have I. I don't like him any more than my boss does Blumstein, who is all smiles to your face while he is constantly looking for a chance to do you up."

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Plays the Market Again and Wins.

"Bob," said Mr. Townsend to his messenger, several days after the scrap in the corridor, "take this note to Bolton & Hatch, in the Morris Building."

Bob grabbed his hat and started for Broad Street. At the entrance to the building he saw Gibby talking to a hard-featured man. As he passed out he heard Gibson say, "Dat's him," and wondered if Blumstein's messenger was referring to him.

He soon forgot all about the incident, and was presently in the elevator of the Morris Building, ascending to the third floor. There were several passengers in the elevator, among others a stout man. The stout man got off at the third landing with Bob, and the boy followed on after him. As he turned into the next corridor he drew a handkerchief from his hip pocket and a letter came with it, and dropped unnoticed on the floor while

he hurried on his way. At the same moment Bob's eyes caught on to something shining upon the tiles and he stooped to pick it up. It proved to be a silver quarter.

"They say it's lucky to find money," said the boy, as he dropped it into his vest pocket; "but then you mustn't spend it. You must keep it to hold your luck, so I'll keep this for a pocket piece."

He started on again and was attracted by the envelope that lay in his path.

"I wonder if this was dropped on purpose or by accident?" he asked himself, as he picked it up.

It was addressed, "John Hobbs. Present," that was all. Bob, carrying it in his hand, entered the office of Bolton & Hatch.

"Mr. Bolton in?" he asked the boy.

"Yes, but he's engaged. Sit down."

"Take this letter in to him, anyway, and I'll wait for the answer."

He handed the boy Mr. Townsend's note and took a chair, when, to pass away the time, he looked into the envelope he had picked up and took out the enclosure. It consisted of half a sheet of note paper, on which was simply scrawled in lead pencil:

"Dear Hobbs: Buy every share of N. & C. you can find on the quiet and have same delivered C. O. D. at Manhattan National. Keep as close to market as possible. C. & H."

"Ho!" muttered Bob, "is this a tip I've colared? What road does N. & C. stand for?"

He pulled a market report from his pocket and consulted it.

"Nashville & Cairo. I've never heard of that before. It's some small line out West, but it's got standing in the Exchange, all right. I must find out something about it. It's going at 29, at least that's what is asked for it, with 28 $\frac{5}{8}$ bid. Not a gilt-edged stock, by any means. There must be something doing about that road for C. & H., whatever firm that is, to be purchasing it wholesale. Maybe some clique is trying to get control of a majority of the stock so as to obtain the management of the road, or else a combination of capitalists are figuring on cornering the shares with a view to a boom. In either case it looks as if the stock was a good thing to own about this time. I must have a talk with Ollie, and if he thinks there's anything in it I'll buy some and see if I can't add to my capital. Nothing like making all the money you can when the chance comes your way."

At that moment the office boy brought an envelope to him containing the answer he was to carry back to Mr. Townsend. So he started back to the office. He found his employer had gone over to the Exchange and had left directions for him to bring his answer from Bolton & Hatch to him there. Accordingly Bob went to the New street entrance of the Exchange and told an attache that he wanted to see Mr. Townsend. While standing at the rail Rolf Gibson came in with an envelope for Blumstein. He noticed Bob and gave him a black look. Mr. Townsend came up, took the envelope from Bob's fingers, read it and nodded his dismissal. As Bob turned away Gibson suddenly put out his leg and Burton tripped over it, colliding with a messenger from

the Maritime Exchange, who entered at that moment with a message for some broker on the floor. The M. E. boy, who was a big fellow, gave Bob a shove, which sent him with considerable force against Gibby. Gibson went down and Bob fell plump on top of him.

"A scrap! A scrap!" shouted several other messengers in great delight.

Gibby struggled and hit out at Bob, who g to his feet as lightly as a cat.

"Serves you right," said Bob. "You tripped me."

"You're a liar!" snarled Gibson.

"Come out into the street and I'll push the word down your throat," replied Bob angrily.

Just then Blumstein came to the rail, and perceiving the state of affairs, spoke sharply to his messenger, who handed him the envelope he had brought. Bob didn't wait to continue the trouble, while Gibby took care to hang back long enough to let Burton get well on his way to Wall street, consequently the other boys were disappointed. That would have been the end of the matter as far as Bob was concerned if his friend Ollie had not come along with a message in his hand. He shot past Burton with a nod, only to fall foul of Gibby, who upset him in the middle of New street. Bob happened to look back and saw what Gibson did, and he started for him in a hurry. Gibby didn't care to mix it up with Bob, so he darted into a doorway and sped upstairs, butting into a tall man on the staircase, who gave him a cuff that made his head ring. Bob, who was following him, stopped and laughed, satisfied with the punishment that Blumstein's messenger had received. Gibby looked back, saw Bob laughing up at him, and shook his fist at him.

"Yah! I hate you!" he yelled. "But youse is goin' to git it all right. Den yer'll laugh on de udder side of yer mug."

When Bob walked out on the narrow sidewalk Ollie had gone into the Exchange. On his return to the office, Bob looked up the Nashville & Cairo road in a railroad manuel, and found out that it connected with the Memphis & Ohio line. Its total length was 201 miles, and its offices were at Nashville. Then he went over the records of the Exchange for several months back and discovered that at no time had the shares been quoted at a higher price than 31. That afternoon Bob showed Ollie the letter he had picked up in the corridor of the Morris Building, told him about the paragraph in the News, and asked him what he thought about it.

"Looks to me as if there was something in it," said Ollie. "If a clique is actually buying up the stock in order to control it, it's bound to go up a point or two right away. If the pool has no trouble in getting all they want, it probably won't go above five points at the most. If its representative has to hustle for it on the Exchange, then it may take a boom, for the people who have the shares will hold out for all they can get. It all depends on how much stock is floating around on the outside."

"I'm thinking of buying 200 shares on margin," said Bob. "I think the chance is worth the risk."

"I guess you won't lose anything by doing so. It's my opinion that you've got a line on a good thing."

Bob thought so, too, and he and Ollie stopped

in at the bank an hour later and Burton put up the necessary margin to secure 200 shares of N. & C. Two days afterward the stock took a sudden spurt up to 32. Ollie told Bob that he heard his boss and another broker talking about the road, and the rumors of a consolidation with the M. & O., but that they didn't believe there was anything in it. Nevertheless N. & C. kept on going up till it reached 36. From that point a bear movement directed against it sent it down to 31, from which, however, it recovered and advanced to 33. Next day it was up to 37. Then it was attacked and slipped back to 35, but closed that afternoon at 38. Bob watched the ticker as often as he could and began to consider the advisability of selling out. He couldn't decide the question to his satisfaction, and while he was holding off and figuring on the problem the price went to nearly 41. Then Bob got permission to go off a few minutes and ran around to the bank. He ordered his shares sold at the market price, and it was done inside of ten minutes. An hour afterward a statement was issued by the management of the N. & C. road and read at the Exchange. It showed that there was no truth whatever in the reported absorption of the line by the M. & O. interests, or that any attempt had been made by the latter to control the N. & C. This gave a fatal blow to the boom, and the price went to pieces, the value of N. & C. dropping quickly back to 32. Bob didn't care, for he was out of it, and, figuring up his winnings, found that he had made \$2,100 over and above commissions and other expenses. That night he treated Ollie to theater and supper, and next morning bought a box of candy for Millie Brown.

Millie was surprised to learn that he had been playing the market again and wanted to know all about it. He told her, and she said that she was glad to hear that he had been fortunate again, but advised him to look out lest he should get caught the next time.

"Don't you worry, Millie. I'm not asleep at any stage of the game."

She laughed and he went back to his seat in the waiting-room.

CHAPTER VIII.—In The Hands Of His Enemies.

Although Bob wasn't aware of the fact, he had been followed home to his lodgings by the hard-featured man he had seen talking to Gibby at the entrance to the office building where he worked. It happened that this man had been on the lookout for Bob for more than a year—ever since he had disappeared from Dover street. As a matter of fact, this was the rascal who had assaulted Broker Townsend's wife when she was on her mission of charity to the tall tenement where the Bensons lived. He had learned that Bob was the cause of his discomfiture on that occasion, and he swore to have revenge. He expected that this would be an easy matter, but after lying in wait for the boy for a while he found out that Bob had left Dover street apparently for good. After failing to locate his whereabouts he gave it up for the time being, hoping to come across him some time. One night not long since he met Rolf Gibson in a small billiard saloon playing pool. They got to talking together, and Gibby wanted

to know how he could get square with a Wall street messenger whom he hated. In the course of the conversation he mentioned Bob's name. The man, whose name was Bud Bunker, immediately pricked up his ears. He said he also had a grudge against a boy of that name which he wanted to wipe out.

"Maybe it's de same feller," said Gibby. "Come down to Wall street some day and watch near the Johnston Buildin'. Youse is bound ter see him, for he's out and in, like meself, from nine to t'ree."

So Bud Bunker went down to Wall street, and it was not long before he recognized Bob as the boy he wanted to get square with. In fact, as we have mentioned, Gibby happened to be on hand and pointed Burton out to the rascal. In the meantime, unconscious that a pair of enemies were conspiring against him, Bob was feeling like a fighting cock. He had 2,700 stowed away in a box in a safe-deposit vault, and he felt the importance that the possession of so much money naturally gives a boy.

One night Bob went up town to pass the evening, as was his custom, with Edith Townsend. Two men and a boy followed him all the way from his boarding-house and noted his destination.

"We ought to be able to nab him to-night," said one of the men, whose voice was the voice of Bud Bunker. "We can hire a boat down the river, fetch it to some point along the shore near the railroad tracks, and leave Gibson in charge of it while you and me lays for him until he leaves that swell house. A tap on his scone 'll quiet him, and then we ought to have no trouble carrying him to the boat."

The other two thought well of Bunker's plan, so the boat was hired, and hauled up near the railroad track. Gibby was left to look after it, while Bunker and his associate, named Jim Cox, repaired to Riverside Drive to watch for Bob to appear. On the stroke of ten Bob bade Edith good-by at the door and started for home. The street was rather lonesome at that hour, and as the two rascals calculated he would walk to Ninety-third street, they lay in hiding for him in that direction. He passed them at a quick walk, quite unconscious that he was in imminent danger of being held up. The first warning of trouble he got was when the rascals pounced upon him and Bunker got a strangle hold on his neck. The other man seized him lower down, holding him in spite of his struggles. Bunker was a strong chap and held his grip on the boy until the lad became unconscious for want of air. They carried him through a section of the narrow park that fronts along the river for more than a mile, and crossing the New York Central's tracks, soon reached the place where the boat was.

"Got him, have youse?" cried Gibby greedfully.

"You bet we have," replied Bunker.

Placing the unconscious Bob in the bottom of the boat, they shoved off into the stream and started to row down the river, the tide favoring them. Finally they reached the battery, rowed around it and turned up the East River. In the neighborhood of the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge they made fast to the inner end of a wharf. It was now after midnight. After carefully reconnoitering South street up and down, and seeing nothing that looked like a policeman, they carried Bob across that street, up a neighboring thor-

oughfare, and into Water street. At length they paused in front of a dark alley adjoining a saloon and disappeared into it with their burden. Reaching a dirty and narrow backyard, they crossed it and came to a tumble-down rookery of ancient build. A wide-open doorway yawned before them, and they passed into a foul-smelling hallway as dark as the fabled caves of Erebus. So well did the rascals gauge the length of the hallway that they came to a pause before a doorway without making any attempt to strike a light. Jim Cox rapped on one of the panels in a marked way, and presently there was the sound of a bolt withdrawn in its socket and the door opened as far as a stout chain inside would permit it. All was darkness, however, in the room beyond. Through the opening proceeded a hoarse, unsteady voice asking who was there. Cox made some kind of response, which seemed to reassure the person, for the chain was let down, the door was thrown open and the party entered. The door having been secured once more behind them, a match flared up revealing the gaunt and unshaven face of the man who had admitted them. This individual, whose name was Tom Collins, known to his associates as well as to the police, by the sobriquet of "The Cat," was wanted by the authorities for the murder of a sailor in a saloon in Cherry street. He knew he was a marked man and lived in dread of capture. The Cat lighted a common oil lamp and then noted the presence of the unconscious Bob and the rascally Gibson.

"Who's this chap you've with you?" he asked in an unpleasant tone, laying his hand on Gibby. "I thought it was understood between us that you wasn't to bring anyone here under any circumstances."

"I'll tell you all about it in a minute," replied Bunker, as he and Cox laid Bob upon a miserable apology for a lounge. "Put the lamp on the table and produce that bottle of whisky I fetched here this mornin'. Jim and me has had a long pull down the North River and we're dry."

The Cat got the whisky and three glasses. Each of the men filled his glass liberally while Gibby gazed curiously about the room, which was little better than a den. An open doorway communicated with another room beyond, used by Tom Collins as a sleeping apartment. Bunker proceeded to explain the nature of the grudge he had against his insensible prisoner, and how he proceeded to wipe it out.

"I'm goin' to get Casey, down the block, to ship him aboard some outward-bound craft, and we'll all get a divvy out of the advance money. He's a stout lad and Casey will put him through as an A. B. When he wakes up at sea, and the captain finds he's only a greenhorn, he'll put him through a course of sprouts that'll take all the starch out of him. That's the way me and this young fellow will get hunk with him. In the meantime, Collins, we're goin' to leave him in your charge till Casey is ready to take him. We know he'll be safe here with you, for you ain't a chap to let anythin' slip through your fingers."

The Cat rather objected to the arrangement, and said so; but as he was largely dependent for his personal safety to the good offices of Bunker and Cox, he reluctantly agreed to look after the prisoner for the short time he would be with him.

"Then that's settled," said Bunker in a satisfied tone. "So there ain't no use of our stayin' here no longer. If you've a bit of rope we'll bind the lad's hands behind his back, and then you'll have him dead to rights."

The rope was forthcoming, Bob was pinioned, the three rascals had another round, and then Bunker and his companions left.

CHAPTER IX.—Under Lock And Key.

Half an hour after the departure of Bunker, Cox and Gibson, Bob came to his senses, and found himself in strange quarters. He looked around in wonder, noted the wretched character of the room, and realized that he lay upon a lounge with his hands bound behind him. The attack made upon him in Riverside Drive came fresh to his mind, and as he looked at the figure of Tom Collins seated at the table, nodding over a half-consumed cigar, he supposed this was one of the chaps who had overpowered him. He could not help wondering why he had been brought to that room.

Ten minutes passed slowly away and then Collins awoke from his doze with a start, looked suspiciously around the room and finally at Bob, who closed his eyes and pretended to be still unconscious. The rascal filled himself out a drink of the whisky, drank it down, got up and stretched himself with a yawn. Bob saw him go over to the door and examine the fastenings. Satisfied that they were all right, the Cat walked up and down the room several times with a light, feline tread, looked at the boy again and then entered the inner room. Presently he came out with a bit of clothes-line in his hands. With this he secured Bob's ankles to one of the legs of the lounge, and then, persuaded that the boy was safe enough, retired to the other room and Bob waited in vain for him to reappear.

"I guess he's gone to bed," said the young messenger to himself. "I'll take advantage of the fact and see if I can free myself."

He found that he had no easy job ahead to get the best of his bonds, and in the midst of the operation there came a loud knocking at the door. Collins appeared at the door of the inside room in his shirt and trousers, with a look of alarm on his features. The knocking was repeated and in a way that reassured the rascal. He recognized the signal, but nevertheless he turned the lamp out before he went to the door and drew the bolt. After an exchange of words with the party outside he let down the chain, allowed his visitors to enter, and then secured the door as before.

"We're back again with Casey," said Bunker in the dark.

The Cat lit the lamp, and Bob saw that three men and a boy had entered. The men were strangers to him, but his astonishment was great to recognize in the youth Broker Blumstein's messenger, Rolf Gibson.

"Has the kid come to his senses yet?" asked Bunker, glancing toward the lounge, whereupon Bob shut his eyes and assumed to be unconscious of their presence.

"Dunno," replied the Cat. "I haven't looked at him for a while."

Bunker walked over and looked down at the young messenger.

"No," he said, "he's still off his hooks."

"So that's the young chap you want me to shanghai, eh?" said Casey, also walking over and sizing the prisoner up. "Looks strong and hardy."

"That's the chap. You want to run him in as an A. B., remember," replied Bud Bunker.

"And that young rooster actually did you up when you was goin' to rob the lady in the tene-ment that time?" said Casey.

"He did," replied Bunker with an imprecation. "He laid me out with a club or something else of that sort in the dark. I've been lookin' for him for more'n a year to get square, and I'd be lookin' for him yet only for Gibson here, who put me on to him the other day."

Bob heard what the man said quite distinctly, and it threw a whole lot of light on the situation. So this big rascal, who seemed to be bossing the proceedings, was the crook he had saved his employer's wife from that afternoon which marked a red-letter-day event in his young life. And the scoundrel had been holding it in for him ever since. The rascal must have learned his identity from the boys who had seen him escort Mrs. Townsend out of the building to her carriage. Now the fellow had him in his power and was going to have his revenge. The word shanghai sounded ominous to him. He knew well enough what that meant. That he was to be sent to sea against his will, like thousands of unwary sailors had been served at one time or another.

To do this successfully he would undoubtedly be treated to a dose of knock-out drops, from the effects of which he would not recover until he was out of sight of the land. Bob naturally did not like the prospect ahead of him for a cent.

"You'd better fetch him over to my place now," said Casey. "I've got a room that'll hold him tight enough without any rope on his hands and feet."

"All right," agreed Bunker. "That will suit my side pardner here first-rate," referring to Collins, who he knew objected to the prisoner's presence in his quarters. "The sooner he goes the better, and now is a good time when the street is quiet."

In a few minutes Bunker and Cox were conveying him out to the street, with Casey and Gibson following in the rear. In this manner they proceeded along Water Street for a block and a half without meeting with a soul, and finally turned in at another alley, with an arched entrance. Casey's saloon and sailor's boarding-house was on one side of it. Casey now led the way to the rear of this building. Producing a key, he opened a back door and the party entered.

Casey guided them upstairs, after procuring a lamp, to the third floor, which was the top of the house, unlocked the door of a certain room which contained a cot, a washstand and a chair, and pointing at the bed told Bunker to deposit the boy on it.

"You can cut his hands loose now. I'll guarantee he won't get away."

Bunker cut the bonds that held Bob's wrists.

"When do you expect to ship him?" he asked.

"I couldn't say," replied Casey. "Probably a day or two. I'll get rid of him as soon as I can."

"Dey'll be one messenger boy less in Wall Street ter-morrer," chuckled Gibson.

"Come on and stop ver jaw," said Bunker, pushing Gibby out of the room.

The rest followed, the key was turned in the lock and Bob found himself alone in the dark.

CHAPTER X.—Bob Makes A Strike for Liberty.

Bob listened to the retreating footsteps of his enemies, and soon all was still. Then he sat up on the bed and began to consider the situation. Feeling in his pockets, he discovered that he had been cleaned out of several dollars in change he had had. His match-safe and jack-knife had not been disturbed. His watch and chain, a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, were also gone.

"It's a wonder they didn't take my clothes, too," thought Bob, for he had on his best suit. "Probably Mr. Casey means to get hold of them before he lets me go."

Bob was evidently a good guesser, for this was just what Casey intended doing at the earliest possible moment.

"If I'm going to make my escape from this den all by my own efforts I have no time to lose," Bob told himself.

"I'll wait a little while to give Mr. Casey a chance to go to bed, as I suppose he means to do before morning, then I'll see if it is possible to get out of this room. I can't say that my chances look very bright with iron bars on the window and the door securely locked, but where there's a will there often is a way, and I don't believe in giving up the ship at the very start."

Bob waited half an hour, then struck a match and looked at the window first. There were the bars outside sure enough, and they looked to be pretty solid.

"Nothing doing that way, I guess," muttered the young messenger, turning his attention to the door.

But here an insurmountable obstacle presented itself in the shape of a big iron plate. He hadn't expected to meet with such a formidable difficulty, and his glowing anticipations sank to zero. Apparently he couldn't do anything, so he threw himself on the bed to think. And while he was thinking his eyes closed and he fell asleep. The next thing he knew somebody was shaking him roughly by the shoulder. It was Casey, and he carried a pair of ragged trousers, an equally ragged shirt of wollen cloth, and a seedy soft hat on his arm.

"Wake up, young feller," he said. "I want them clothes of yours. So strip and put on these duds, which are good enough for you for the present."

Bob rubbed his eyes and saw that it was broad daylight in the morning. Behind Casey was another man with a battered japanned tray on which was displayed some coarse food with a small cracked pitcher of water.

"What am I doing here," replied Bob, affecting ignorance of the situation, "and why should I give up my clothes?"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies," grinned Casey. "Do as I tell you or it'll be worse for you."

He drew a short rawhide from his pocket as he spoke and snapped it.

"Be lively now or I'll give you a taste of this," he said in a tone that showed he meant what he said.

Poor Bob was full of fight, but he saw it would be worse than useless to resist the command of his jailer. He was compelled to give in and strip. With great disgust he donned the ragged trousers and woolen shirt.

"Now, off with your shoes and socks," ordered Casey.

Bob objected strongly to taking them off.

"Here, Mike," said Casey, "just sit on this young gent while I pull his foot-gear off."

Mike came forward. He was a strapping longshoreman, and Bob was like an infant in his grasp. In about two minutes the young messenger's feet were bare.

"You don't need no shoes nor stockin's," said Casey. "At any rate, I ain't got none to give you. Now there's your breakfast. Eat hearty and don't let me hear a whimper out of you, or, by the living blazes, I'll come up here and dust your back with this rawhide!"

Having delivered this threat, he and his pal left the room, with Bob's clothes, locking the door after them. Bob was now the very picture of woe. Deprived of his decent apparel, and rigged out in rags many degrees worse than had ever been his lot even at the worst stage of his career, with feet as bare as the day he was born, he was in hard luck indeed. The future looked decidedly dark to Bob as he stretched himself out on the cot and listlessly watched a narrow streak of sunlight that lay upon the carpetless floor of the room. The morning wore slowly away and no one visited him. At length hunger asserted itself and he was forced to sample the food on the tray, which consisted of three shabby looking ham and sandwiches and a jug of water. The sandwiches tasted better than they looked, but that was because the boy was willing to eat anything in the shape of provender at that moment.

"I suppose I'll get nothing more till night, and then I'll be afraid to eat it for fear it might be doctored," he said, walking gloomily to the window.

Throwing up the window-pane he looked through the bars at the closed iron shutters of a big warehouse about ten feet away. The intervening space was littered with rubbish of all sorts, such as broken boxes, old tin cans, barrel hoops, and several empty beer kegs. The distance from the window to the ground was about thirty feet.

"Even if these bars didn't hedge me in it would be a pretty risky drop for me to take," thought Bob, as he measured the space with his eye. "I wonder how solid these irons are, anyway?" he added, taking hold of one. "The mortar about them looks dried and crumbly."

He shook the bar and found it very loose. For want of something else to do he took up his jack-knife, which had dropped out of his trouser's pocket on to the bed when he was changing his clothes, and began to dig out the mortar in which the end of the bar was imbedded. It came away in chunks. By chipping away a part of the brick-work he was able to work the bar loose till it came out in his hand. Then he suddenly realized what a formidable weapon he had got possession of.

"Why, I believe I could lay out both those men with this if I attacked them suddenly before they were aware of my intention, and I'm just desperate enough to do it, too, if they came my way now."

The words were barely out of his mouth before he heard the rattle of the key in the lock. Quick as a wink he darted behind the opening door. The man Mike entered the room with a second japanned tray on which was the boy's dinner. Bob saw his chance and struck the longshoreman a blow on the head with the bar. The fellow went down stunned like an ox in the shambles, and the tray, with its contents, fell on the floor with a rattle.

"Now for freedom," palpitated the young messenger.

He sprang through the opening onto the landing, shut the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Now if I can only get to the street unnoticed I'll be all right."

He ran to the head of the stairs, looked down and listened. No sound came up from the second floor. This fact encouraged him to risk the descent, and he was presently standing on the landing one flight above the street level. He darted toward the lower stairs, when a door suddenly opened and Casey came out right in front of him.

CHAPTER XI.—In Which Bob Performs A Kindly Action.

Both Bob and Casey were taken by surprise and stood for a moment inactive, looking at each other. Then the boarding-house man uttered a terrible imprecation and sprang at the boy. Bob raised the iron bar and struck out at him. It hit Casey's right arm and the man stopped with a scream of pain, for the bone of his lower forearm was broken by the blow. Bob took instant advantage of this to duck down and slide past the rascal. Reaching the head of the stairs he flew down the steps three at a time, while Casey roared frantically after him. The barkeeper in the saloon below heard the rumpus and ran to the door opening on to the lower entry just as Bob reached it. The boy punched him in the stomach with the bar and he doubled up with pain. Then Bob slid by him and entered the bar-room, where perhaps a dozen men were gathered drinking and talking. Not one attempted to bar his way to the street, and a moment later he was flying up Water street toward the nearest corner as fast as his bare feet could carry him. Turning the corner, and throwing away the bar that had rendered him such good service, he sped on at top speed up lower Wall Street. So excited was he and bent on putting a safe distance between himself and his enemies that he took no notice of his surroundings. At last he was forced to slacken his pace, and then it was that he realized where he was. At that moment a coach drove up alongside of the curb in front of a big building, and an elderly man, with a package of papers in his hand, rose from his seat to leave the vehicle. As the old gentleman stepped out of the cab his feet

slipped from under him and he fell to the sidewalk. Bob instantly darted forward.

"Let me help you up, sir," he said, seizing the bewildered man by the arm.

"Thank you," fluttered the old man, gratefully availing himself of the messenger's strong arm.

Bob had him on his legs in a moment.

"Don't go, my lad," said the gentleman, laying a detaining hold on Bob's arm, as the boy was starting on again, after picking up and handing the man the packages of documents he had dropped.

"I want you to go to my office with me."

"I can't go this way, sir," blurted out Bob in a shamefaced way, his face growing as red as a peony.

"That won't make any difference," said the old gentleman, with a smile. "Come along."

Much against his inclination, Bob accompanied the old man to the elevator, and they were whisked up to the seventh floor. The gentleman's office was directly facing the elevator, and Bob was presently inside, where he at once became a target for the eyes of an office boy, a pretty stenographer, and two clerks, to his great confusion. His conductor, however, quickly led him into his private room and, pointing to a chair, asked him to sit down.

"What is your name, my lad?"

"Bob Burton."

"Well, Bob, I am exceedingly obliged to you for coming to my aid in such a prompt manner, and I hope you will allow me to testify my appreciation of your conduct in some way that will be of benefit to you. What can I do for you? I noted at a glance that you appear to be much superior to the ragged garments you are probably compelled by adverse circumstances to wear. Will you let me send one of my clerks with you to an outfitter's? I dare say that would be the most effective way I could express my gratitude to you."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. — I beg your pardon, but I don't know your name," began Bob.

"Westervelt," replied the old gentleman.

"Well, I am obliged to you, Mr. Westervelt, for your kind offer, but it isn't necessary. I have a very good suit of clothes at my boarding-house, and if you will listen I'll explain how I happen to be dressed in these rags."

The old gentleman nodded and regarded Bob with some surprise.

"To begin with, sir, I am an office boy and messenger for Horace Townsend, banker and broker, up the street. I have been the victim of a bit of foul play on the part of several crooks, aided by a man named Casey, who keeps a sailor's boarding-house and saloon on Water street. I only just escaped from Casey's place."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Westervelt.

"Before I tell you my story I should like to telephone to Mr. Townsend, for he must be wondering what has happened to me. I was at his house last evening, and it was after leaving there at ten o'clock that I was attacked and rendered unconscious on the street."

Mr. Westervelt silently pointed to his desk instrument, and the young messenger was soon connected with Townsend's office.

"Is that you, Millie?" asked Bob, recognizing the stenographer's voice. "Well, I'm Bob. Where

have I been? In the soup since last night. Is Mr. Townsend in the office? Switch me on to his wire, please."

Presently Mr. Townsend's voice said, "Hello!"

"This is Bob Burton," said the lad.

"Why, Bob, what has happened to you?" came back the reply. "When you failed to turn up within reasonable time this morning I sent Eldridge to your boarding-house to see if you were sick. He brought back word that you hadn't been there since you left to go to my house at a little after seven o'clock last evening."

"That's right, sir. I've been in trouble."

"Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

Bob related to Mr. Townsend only part that had happened to him since he had left the house, and also where he now was. Mr. Townsend told Bob to remain where he was, as he was coming to Mr. Westervelt's office after him.

While waiting for Bob's employer to make his appearance, Mr. Westervelt asked the boy many questions about himself, and seemed to be much struck with the young messenger's brightness and intelligence. At length Mr. Townsend was ushered into the room. He gave a gasp of amazement on beholding the boy's ragged make-up.

"Upon my word, you are a sight, Bob!" he exclaimed, after having introduced himself to Mr. Westervelt. "You wouldn't think this was my messenger boy, or anybody else's messenger boy, for that matter, to look at him," he said, turning to the old gentleman, who had observed the broker's astonishment with an amused smile.

"He doesn't look like a Wall street lad in that disguise," replied Mr. Westervelt. "I took him at first for a street arab."

"How came you to meet my boy, Mr. Westervelt?" asked Mr. Townsend.

The old gentleman narrated the incident that had brought Bob to his notice.

"Well, it's just like him," replied the broker. "I myself am under a very deep obligation to him," and he proceeded to tell Mr. Westervelt how Burton had rescued his wife from a crook in the Dover street tenement more than a year since.

"Now," he said, "we'll hear your story, Bob."

"Well, sir," said Bob, "that affair in Dover street is at the bottom of my present trouble."

"In what way?" asked the broker, in some surprise.

"It was that rascal, whose name seems to be Bunker, who put this job up on me to get square for doing him up that time. He's been looking for me ever since I left Dover street."

"Is it possible?"

"You will also be surprised to learn that Mr. Blumstein's messenger boy, Rolf Gibson, with whom I have never been on good terms, is also mixed up in this affair. He put Bunker onto me, and was with Bunker and his companion last night."

"The young rascal! He shall be attended to."

"I think he should be arrested," replied Bob.

"The police ought to be able to locate the other rascals through him."

"I'll attend to him, Bob. Go on with your story."

So Bob told his story from beginning to end, but he said he could not account for the manner in which the rascals had brought him from Riverside Drive on the upper West Side of the city, down to the room he recovered his senses in on

Water street, on the lower East Side of the island.

"It is not essential," replied Mr. Townsend. "May I use your phone, Mr. Westervelt?"

"Certainly," answered the old gentleman.

Mr. Townsend connected with Police Headquarters and communicated an outline of Bob's adventure, asking that detectives be put on the case at once. Casey and his house were described, as was also Bunker. Bob, however, could not locate Tom Collins's crib, though he described the Cat, as well as Jim Cox, without being able to identify them by their names, which he had not heard. The broker also asked for the immediate arrest of Rolf Gibson, Blumstein's messenger, as an accomplice. This matter having been attended to, Mr. Westervelt obligingly sent one of his clerks for a cab to take Bob to his boarding-house on Christopher street. When he bade the boy good-by he asked him to call upon him whenever he could find it convenient to do so, and Bob promised that he would.

CHAPTER XII.—Bob And Edith.

Rolf Gibson was arrested at Blumstein's office that afternoon, to his great consternation and his employer's surprise. He was put in a cell at the Tombs. That night Bunker was arrested in a Bowery resort and also taken to the Tombs. Casey was found along toward morning, through a young physician who had set the bone of his fractured arm, and was sent to join the others. Jim Cox and Tom Collins had not been located up to the hour the others were brought into the Tombs Court for examination. Bob, accompanied by Mr. Townsend, appeared in court. The boy's evidence was considered sufficiently strong for the magistrate to hold the prisoners for the action of the Grand Jury. A few days later Cox was caught, and Bob identified him as one of those connected with his abduction, and he was remanded, too. Tom Collins, however, managed to elude capture, as he had all along since he shot the sailor in the Cherry street saloon. He was considered by the police as one of the foxiest, as well as most dangerous, crooks at large. Gibby, of course, lost his job in Wall street, and as he couldn't get bail he languished in prison until he was tried and sent to the Elmira Reformatory for two years. Bunker, Cox and Casey were tried at the same time, convicted and sent up the river, and thus the scheme of the rascals to do up Bob Burton was nipped in the bud. The detectives recovered Bob's jewelry and clothing and returned them to him. In the meantime, Bob continued to hustle around the Wall Street district, with his customary alertness, while he and Ollie grew to be greater chums than ever. One day Bob accidentally learned that a combination had been formed by several wealthy traders to boom M. & N. stock, and as soon as he had satisfied himself that there was no mistake about the matter he went to the little bank in Nassau street and invested the greater part of his capital in 400 shares of M. & N. at 63, on the usual margin. Ollie was in his confidence, and was almost as interested as he was in the outcome of the new speculation.

"It's my opinion you're going to be a rich messenger boy before you're much older," he said to

Bob, three days afterward, when M. & N. was quoted at 68.

"I've no objection to that," replied Bob, with a laugh.

"I wish I had your luck," said Ollie, wistfully.

"Oh, your time will come," answered Bob, encouragingly.

"Maybe it will; but I don't see any signs of it yet."

"Well, I have the advantage of you. I've nobody but myself to look after. If I was situated like you I suppose I'd be as far from getting rich as you seem to be."

"Yes, I have to turn every cent I earn into the house. Mother needs it badly."

"Then be satisfied, old chap, that you are doing your duty as a good son. I'd do the same if I was in your shoes. One of these days you'll probably be rewarded in a way that doesn't strike you just now. I believe in boys standing by their parents. It is bound to bring them luck in the end."

That evening Bob paid one of his regular visits to Edith Townsend. She always expected him on a Wednesday night, and was spruced up in great shape to receive him. What she thought about the good-looking messenger she wasn't telling anybody, but her manner was sufficiently encouraging toward him to indicate that he stood pretty high in her estimation. Bob was something of a singer, and as Edith had a good voice, too, and was an accomplished little pianist, music and singing formed a part of their evening's entertainment. On this particular night Bob brought up some new songs, and they went over them together. After that they sat together on a sofa and enjoyed a confidential chat.

"I'm out for the dollars again, Edith," remarked Bob, after a pause.

"That's what everybody is after, isn't it?" she replied.

"It seems so. It takes money to make the mare go, especially in these strenuous times."

"Am I to understand that you are interested in the stock market again?"

"Yes, but don't tell your father. I want to surprise him some day by showing him a wad of cash as big as a house that I made all myself."

"Oh, I won't mention a word about it. Tell me about your new deal."

"There's going to be a boom in M. & N. in a day or two, and I went in on the ground floor, because I happened to hear about the matter in advance."

"You're very fortunate."

"In money matters, yes. Now, I've heard it said that persons who are lucky in making money are unlucky in love. I hope it won't hit me that way."

"Why, are you in love?" she asked, with a sidelong glance at him.

"Well, I think a whole lot of a certain girl I know."

"Who is the fortunate young lady?" asked Edith, with a forced laugh.

"That's a great big secret."

"I thought you promised not to have any secrets from me?" she said, in a slightly constained tone.

"That's right, but I'm kind of afraid to tell you this one."

"Why so?"

"Because you might not like it, and I wouldn't lose your friendship for anything in the world."

"Did you know this young lady before you met me?"

"No."

"Then you've become acquainted with her since."

"Since when?"

"You met me."

Bob shook his head.

"But it must have been one way or the other," she persisted.

"No. It was at the same time."

"Oh! I suppose you like her much better than me?"

"No. I couldn't like her any better than you."

"But you must, if she's the girl you really and truly love."

"Do you care a whole lot for anybody outside of your folks?"

"Do I?" she asked, with a vivid blush.

"Yes."

"Isn't that an embarrassing question for you to ask me?"

"Haven't you just asked me a question on the same lines?"

"About the young lady you care for?"

"Yes. Now I'll make a bargain with you, Edith. I'll write down the name of the girl I think most of if you do the same about the boy you think most of. Then we'll exchange papers."

"Oh, I couldn't think of doing such a thing," she flushed.

"Then you do think a lot of some boy, eh?"

"That isn't a fair question," she replied, in some confusion.

"Well, since you're so curious about the girl I like I'll give you a hint. Her first name begins with E, and there are five letters in it."

"Ethel?" asked Edith.

"No."

"Emily?"

"No."

Miss Townsend then named over some others, all she could think of, in fact, except her own; but Bob only shook his head at each.

"Then I have to give it up," she said at last.

"Her name is Edith," said Bob.

"Why, that's my name."

"Then you ought not to have left it out of your list."

"I didn't suppose her name was like mine."

"She's like you in more than name."

"Is she? You excite my curiosity. I should like to see her."

Bob laughed.

"You've seen her," he said.

"I have?" in great surprise.

"Sure. You see her every day when——"

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked, as the boy paused.

"You see her every time you look in a looking-glass."

For a moment Edith looked bewildered, and then the truth of what Bob was getting at dawned upon her and she blushed deeply.

"Well, Edith, you've got me to give my secret away, and so if you're offended it's your own fault."

She made no reply, but looked down at the rug at her feet. He waited a moment or two, and as she didn't speak he said:

"Are you offended with me, Edith, for admitting to you that you are the one girl in all the world that I care for?"

"Why should I be offended?" she asked him, softly.

"That isn't answering my question with sufficient directness. Is it a fact that you are not offended?"

"Of course I'm not offended," she answered.

"Do you object to me thinking so much of you?" he said, stealing one arm around her waist with a boldness that afterward astonished him when he came to think about it.

"No," she replied, in a very low tone.

He had sharp ears, however, and the word didn't escape him.

"Do you like me equally well?"

She turned her head away from him, but as she made no effort to release her waist from his arm he was encouraged to keep on.

"Yes, or no?"

"That isn't fair, Bob," she said.

"But I want to know," he persisted.

"Yes, then," she replied jumping up, but he held on to her, and she sank back on the lounge.

"I said you were the one girl in all the world that I cared for," he went on, looking into her face; "am I the one boy you care for most?"

Edith made no answer to this, but her hot blushes assured Bob that "yes" was on her lips. As he tried to draw her head around, she suddenly buried it on his shoulder. He pressed her close to him, and she made no resistance.

"It is yes, then, isn't it?" he asked, raising her face to his.

"Yes," she fluttered, and buried her face again.

Then he had the nerve to lift her face again and kiss her full upon her cherry red lips, and after that—well, they were very happy together for the rest of the evening, and Bob went home feeling as if he must make a whole barrel of money as soon as possible so as to make himself solid with Edith's father and mother.

CHAPTER XIII.—A Pointer Worth a Barrel of Money.

Bob had a very pleasant dream that night. He thought he and Edith were sailing off around the world on a yacht, the hold of which was filled with the proceeds of a deal in which he had cornered a certain stock, and had got his own price for a great many thousand shares. He woke up to find the sun shining in at the window and the clock telling him that it was time to get up. That day there was quite a good bit of excitement in the Exchange over M. & N., the price of which went up to 72.

Next day there was more excitement over the stock. There was a rush of orders to buy, and the brokers who had their pockets full of them found that the stock was uncommonly scarce.

Now, it is a failing with most people to want what they can't get in proportion to the difficulty encountered, for which reason there was soon a yelling mob of brokers assaulting a very cool individual, who seemed to hold the control of M. & N. at his nod. The more they yelled the better he seemed to like it. If some excited member shook his fist in his face, this man didn't seem

to mind it a bit. He didn't get angry at all, but occasionally he accepted a bid from one of the crowd, and the two exchanged memorandums and then the rush became greater.

All this meant that M. & N. was in great demand, and that the supply was not sufficient to satisfy the pack of howling traders. As a consequence, M. & N. took on a boom that formed a red-letter event in its history, and at three o'clock that afternoon closed at 80.

Although Bob was having a mighty lively time of it, with scarcely any time to speak of at his own disposal between the hours of ten and three, he could not help becoming aware that there were great things going on in his stock. Ollie passed him on Broad Street and yelled that M. & N. was then going at 76.

"That means that I am \$5,000 ahead so far," chuckled Bob, as he hustled along towards Exchange Place, where he was bound.

At quarter past three he looked at the tape in the office and saw the closing figure.

"I guess I'd better sell out while I'm on the safe side," he said to himself.

Ollie agreed with him when they came together a little later on, so Bob stopped in at the bank and ordered his shares sold at the market price in the morning. As M. & N. opened at 80 2-3, Bob's holdings went at that figure. Figuring up his profits, he found that he had cleared \$6,800, which made him worth, now, \$9,500.

Before he went home that day he sat down and wrote a letter to Edith, telling her how much he had made on the deal, and how he hoped some day to have money to burn, as the saying is. Not very long after that a man came into the office and asked Mr. Townsend if he would buy a block of 2,000 shares of the stock of a far western railroad, called the Blue Mountain Line. Two years since, when the road was prosperous, the stock had sold at 72, but now it was going begging at 37. As a paragraph had lately appeared in a financial paper to the effect that the company was likely to be forced into the hands of a receiver, because the July interest of its first mortgage bonds had not been paid, Mr. Townsend was no more anxious than any other broker to acquire a stock that might soon be comparatively worthless.

So he told the visitor that he didn't care to handle it, but suggested that Mr. Blumstein, on the same floor, might buy it if he offered the broker an inducement. Bob happened to be in the private office at the time, going through a letter-file cabinet, and he overheard the whole of the conversation. He chuckled when he heard his employer refer the caller to Blumstein, and he judged that the Blue Mountain Railroad Line must be a large and juicy lemon. The man thanked Mr. Townsend and started off to see the other broker.

In a little while Bob was sent on an errand, and he met the man in the corridor, waiting for the elevator. His curiosity induced him to ask the man if he had been able to do any business with Blumstein.

"Yes," was the reply. "I sold him the shares at two points below the market."

"Then you're out \$4,000, aren't you?"

"I am, of course, but I couldn't do any better. You see, 37 is the price asked for the stock in the Exchange, but there are no sales at that

price that I have heard of. I haven't found any broker that was willing to give me as much as Mr. Blumstein. In fact, nobody that I called on wanted to buy it very much. I'm glad to get rid of it, because I'm afraid the road is bankrupt, and that the shares will go a-begging pretty soon."

Bob was surprised to think that Blumstein would buy the stock under the circumstances at even 35, as he wasn't a man easily fooled. The fact that he did buy it set the boy to thinking pretty hard. And that, too, in the face of the fact that the man who brought him the stock had no doubt told him that Mr. Townsend had sent him to his office, which was a sure sign that his business rival had no use for the shares himself.

"Blumstein is no chump," Bob told himself. "There's something back of this matter. Maybe Blumstein has some inside information about the Blue Mountain road, or he has some scheme in view that he's going to work on somebody."

So when he got back to the office he told Mr. Townsend that he had met the man whom he had sent to Blumstein, and that he told him that he had sold the shares to the broker at 35.

"He did, eh?" chuckled Mr. Townsend. "Well, he's welcome to them. I wouldn't give 30 for them. That road is threatened with a receivership. That means that some day it may have to be sold out by order of a court to satisfy the claims of the bondholders, and then the stockholders will come in at the little end of the horn."

"But, sir, Mr. Blumstein is a pretty shrewd broker, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's about as shrewd and foxy as they come."

"Isn't it funny that he'd be willing to buy a stock at a fair price that he probably knows you turned down?"

"Oh, the sharpest men are sometimes caught off their guard."

A few days afterward Bob saw the record of a sale of 500 shares of the Blue Mountain Line at 32, and he laughed, for he guessed that Blumstein had been a victim, after all. On the following morning the paper which had published the first notice about the B. M. L., printed another, which stated that an application had been made in court, asking that a receiver be appointed to take over the management of the road. He showed it to Mr. Townsend, who grinned and said that it was only what he had expected. That afternoon several small blocks of B. M. L. changed hands at 25 and 26. Next day was Saturday, and after their offices closed about one o'clock, Bob and Ollie started for Staten Island to visit a friend of Turner's, who lived in Tompkinsville, and had invited them to go fishing. After boarding the boat the two boys captured a couple of camp-chairs and went well forward on the lower deck. Just before the boat pulled out of her slip a truck loaded with trunks was pushed up behind their backs, cutting them off from the rest of the deck. Of course, they didn't mind this, and soon afterward the ferryboat started on her long trip down the bay. It was a sunshiny afternoon, the weather was mild and the boys were enjoying the sail immensely when they soon became aware of the presence of three men who had come up and

were standing on the other side of the baggage truck.

The voice of one of the newcomers attracted their attention.

"Isn't that broker Blumstein?" whispered Ollie to Bob. "He lives over on the island."

"Sounds like him," replied his chum.

Presently Bob heard the name of the Blue Mountain Line mentioned, and he pricked up his ears at once.

"The publication of that receivership notice has drawn out a good bit of stock at a low figure, as we calculated it would," said a voice. "The application for a receiver has, of course, been made in legal form, but it's only a blind, you know. It will be opposed by a representative of the stockholders on Wednesday, when the matter is taken up by the court, and no receiver will be appointed, you may depend. By that time we ought to have been able to secure about all the stock that is floating around Wall Street. By the way, Blumstein, I learned this morning that W. S. Jardine, of No. — Broadway, has 3,500 shares. You'd better get after it Monday morning. We can't afford to let it get away from us. Make him an offer of 24, and if he won't take it, you can raise your bid. You ought to be able to get it at 25, at any rate, for what little stock is left is a drug on the market."

"I'll attend to the matter," said the broker, making a note of the name and address in his memorandum-book. "Do you think that will be enough to give you control of a majority of the shares?"

"Yes. We only need 3,000 shares. Then we'll be able to elect our own board of directors and officers, and will block the efforts of the D. & R. G. system to get the road at its own figures. That company will have to pay us a good stiff figure for the shares we have acquired before it can take over the Blue Mountain, as it contemplates doing."

"We ought to make several millions out of the transaction," said the third man, in a tone of great satisfaction.

"Undoubtedly. Wall Street will wake up pretty soon to the fact that the stock is worth double what it is to-day."

"Then there'll be a scramble to get some of it at the appreciated price, and of course the D. & R. G. will unload enough at the highest figure to recoup itself for the outlay we shall put it to."

"The company would do that anyway, only the millions it looked to win will have gone into our pockets beforehand," laughed the other.

The two men for whom Blumstein was evidently acting, talked a good bit more about the prospects ahead, and Bob and Ollie heard enough to convince them that a big deal had been in progress for some time on the quiet by a clique of capitalists to secure the control of the Blue Mountain Line for the purpose of making the D. & R. G. people, who were after the road, pay heavily for possession of the almost bankrupt line.

They learned that in view of certain projected extensions of the D. & R. G. system that the Blue Mountain Line would be a valuable addition to its property. That the management of the system had been working to throw the B. M. L. into a receiver's hands, with the ultimate purpose of having it sold out at public sale, when the D. & R. G. intended to buy it in at a low figure. Some-

body had scented the system's object, had formed a syndicate to outwit the scheme, and was now on the eve of a triumphant conclusion. As the boat approached the landing at Staten Island the three men walked away, leaving the boys in possession of facts of the greatest value.

CHAPTER XIV.—Putting a Deal Into Operation.

Ollie glanced around the corner of the truck at the retreating figures of the men.

"That's Blumstein, all right," he said. "Well, what do you think about the Blue Mountain Line scheme, eh, Bob? Talk about money-making dodges, that's a cuckoo. Can't you make something out of this? Now is your chance to buy some of that stock at rock-bottom figures, and make a wad when the rise comes."

"I'm afraid Blumstein has corraled about all there is in sight."

"Well, you know where there's 3,500 shares, at any rate. That man Jardine, of No. — Broadway, will no doubt be willing to part with his holdings at any decent offer. What you want to do is to get ahead of Blumstein. Then you could call on him and ask him what he'll give you for the stock, and if he doesn't meet your ideas you can hold on till the price goes up."

"But I couldn't go to Jardine and buy 3,500 shares of stock at, say, 25. That would require \$87,500 cash."

"What's the matter with making the deal through the bank? The bank would put up the cash if you furnished the usual ten per cent. security. When you gave your order you could tell the clerk where the shares can be got, and its representative would call on Jardine and buy the block. But if you're going to make the deal you will have to get at it the very first thing Monday morning, before Blumstein gets his work in."

"I'll think the matter over, Ollie," replied Bob.

As the boat was now entering her slip the boys left their seats, worked themselves around the truck, and joined the bunch of passengers waiting to step ashore. The boys boarded a trolley for Tompkinsville and spent the afternoon in the Narrows, fishing. When Bob got home he began to seriously consider the possibility of going into a deal in Blue Mountain Line stock. The more he thought over the matter the more he recognized the fact that he had undoubtedly got hold of a very valuable pointer. The question was, could he use it to his own advantage? It seemed pretty clear that the syndicate, with which Blumstein was connected, had secured about all the stock of the B. M. L. in sight. In fact, the man who had done most of the talking in the conversation the two boys had overheard had remarked that the clique only needed 3,000 more shares to ensure the control of the stock, and W. S. Jardine, of Broadway, could supply the amount, with a slight excess. It struck Bob that if Mr. Jardine refused to sell his holdings, or if somebody outside of the clique secured the block, the combination might find itself obliged to bid high for the necessary shares that it still needed to complete its plans.

Of course, against this stood the probability of the pool members being able to find 3,000 shares

somewhere else. In any case, Blue Mountain stock was almost certain to be a valuable possession later on.

"It would be great if I could secure that block from Mr. Jardine and then double my money on it afterward. There is every chance, it seems to me, of it going to 50, if it doesn't go higher, just as soon as the D. & R. G. road makes the line a part of its system. I've a great mind to speak to Mr. Westervelt about it to-morrow when I go to his house."

Bob had an engagement to dine with Mr. Westervelt and his family on the following afternoon, for the old gentleman had taken a great fancy to the boy, and showed it in various ways. When Bob reached the Westervelt home at four o'clock next day he had decided to confide the situation to the old gentleman, and ask his advice. So after dinner he told Mr. Westervelt that he had something of importance to communicate to him, and the old gentleman invited him into his library. As soon as they were seated, Bob told him all he knew about the Blue Mountain Line project.

"Now, sir, I'd like to get hold of those shares that Mr. Jardine holds. It may surprise you to learn that I am worth nearly \$10,000, which I have made out of three deals in the market. I started with a capital of \$125 and now I have made just \$9,500."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Westervelt, in genuine surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"You are, as I have believed from the first, an uncommonly smart boy. So you've made \$9,500 in speculative ventures since you've been working in Wall Street?"

"Yes, sir. And I'd like to double that just as soon as I can. I think that I have the chance to do that in this Blue Mountain matter."

"And you've come to me for advice on the subject?"

"Yes, sir. I've told you everything as far as I have learned. Don't you think that Mr. Jardine's stock would be a valuable property for me to get hold of?"

"I do," replied the old gentleman, promptly. "If I had learned what you have just told me, and was certain of its accuracy, I would lose no time in buying those shares myself."

"As Mr. Blumstein will be after that stock early to-morrow, and has the cash to pay for it, the question is, will I be able to buy the stock through the bank on a ten per cent. basis before Blumstein gets his fingers on it?"

Mr. Westervelt regarded his young visitor a moment or two, attentively, before replying.

"Look here, Bob, I am greatly interested in you, for you seem to have all the elements of success in your composition. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will help you out myself. It must be a business proposition between us, of course. I'll send a clerk of mine around to Mr. Jardine's office first thing in the morning. Or, better still, I'll call on him myself and buy those shares at the lowest figure I can persuade him to take. If I secure them I'll 'phone you to come over to my office when you are through work. Then, on you depositing ten per cent. of the purchase price with me, I'll give you a thirty-day option on the shares, at a two per cent. advance. That will

give you the chance to the ten per cent of the purchase price, as we arranged yesterday?"

"First-class!" exclaimed Bob, enthusiastically.

"If the syndicate fails to obtain the necessary 3,000 shares in some other quarter you'll be in a position to name your own price, just as the pool proposes to work the deal on the D. & R. G. Company."

"That will be fine," said Bob. "I'm greatly obliged to you, sir, for helping me out in this matter."

"Don't mention it. I'm only too glad to be of service to you. You strike me as a boy who is bound to succeed in life, and it will be a pleasure for me to give you a helping hand along the road."

"It would give me a great deal of satisfaction to get a point on Mr. Blumstein. He had had a quiet laugh, I know, on Mr. Townsend for sending him 2,000 shares of a stock he was looking for, and I want to get back at him for it."

They talked a while longer on the subject, and then joined Mrs. Westervelt and her daughters, in the sitting-room. Bob was on pins and needles next morning, so anxious was he to learn whether Mr. Westervelt had secured the important block of Blue Mountain stock. On his return from his second errand, Millie Brown came out and told him that Mr. Westervelt had called him up on the wire fifteen minutes before. She had told the old gentleman that he was out, so he told her to tell Bob when he got back that everything was all right, and that he should expect to see him that afternoon about four at his office.

"That settles it!" cried Bob, joyfully. "I'm right in it now."

"Are you?" laughed Millie. "I'm glad to hear it."

"Yes, Millie. I'm on the road to a million."

"A million!" she exclaimed. "A million what?"

"Why, dollars, of course."

"Don't talk foolish."

"Well, I'm so tickled that I've a great mind to—to kiss you," he said, suddenly grabbing her.

"Don't you dare!" she ejaculated, breaking away from him with a flushed face and running back to her desk.

Bob laughed and returned to his seat, where he patted himself on the back, figuratively speaking, and began to build a few castles in the air around that block of Blue Mountain railroad stock.

CHAPTER XV.—In Which Bob Becomes Rich.

"I wonder if Blumstein has called on Mr. Jardine yet?" said Bob to himself. "I would like to bet a dollar he'll feel pretty sore when he finds that block of stock has got away from him. He'll try and find out who bought it and then he'll chase around to see the purchaser. But it won't do him any good. I'd like to walk in on him, wave the certificate under his nose and ask him how much he's willing to give for it. Then I'd say, 'Nay, nay, Mr. Blumstein; raise the ante, please.' How he would look! He'd think I came from Mr. Townsend, of course, and it would make him mad enough to chew a ten-penny nail."

Bob was as chipper as a lark for the rest of the day, and he looked it.

"What makes you so happy, Bob?" asked Mr.

Townsend, with a smile, when he called on his messenger a little later on to carry a message to the Mills Building.

"I'm happy because I'm feeling good, sir," replied Bob, with a smile.

"Well," replied the broker, "the happiest time in one's life is when he is young and overflowing with animal spirits. It makes me feel young again to look at you."

"Then keep on looking, sir. I haven't any objection."

"Unfortunately, Bob, time is money. I can't afford the luxury of looking at you just now. Take this letter to Baker & Sadler, and bring me back an answer as soon as you can."

"All right, sir," and Bob started at a lively gait for Broad Street.

He left the office at quarter of four to keep his engagement with Mr. Westervelt. Ollie was standing at the door, downstairs, waiting for him.

"Bound on another errand?" he asked.

"No. I'm on my own business now. I've secured that block of stock from Mr. Jardine, through a good friend of mine, and I'm going over to his office to put up a deposit on it."

"You don't say. Do you want me to go along and wait for you?"

"Sure, if you care to."

"I'll go."

So the two boys walked down to the Aesop Building, and while Ollie waited at the main entrance, Bob took the elevator for the seventh floor. He was shown into Mr. Westervelt's private office.

"Sit down, Bob," said the old gentleman.

He went to the safe in the outer office and presently returned with a large envelope in his hand. From this he drew a certificate of stock with the name "Blue Mountain Line" engraved in prominent letters at the head of it.

"I paid \$25 a share for this, or \$87,500 for the 3,500 shares. I have had a call from Broker Blumstein, who found out that I had bought the certificate, and he offered me, finally, an advance of \$5 a share. I told him the stock was not mine to dispose of. That I had bought the shares for a friend. He requested me to submit his offer to my friend and let him know the result as soon as possible. I promised to do so, and I am now keeping my word."

"You can tell Mr. Blumstein that the stock is not for sale—at present. That in any case he could not get it for 30," answered Bob. "I am right, ain't I, in holding off for a much higher figure?"

"Undoubtedly. I suppose you came prepared to advance the ten per cent. of the purchase price, as we arranged yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. You can give me \$8,750. Here is your receipt, which I made out in anticipation of your visit."

Bob paid the money and took his receipt, which embodied the terms of a thirty-day option on the deal.

"When the deal is closed I will deduct the two per cent. agreed on, which will about pay me for loaning you the money to carry this stock. You will be under no obligations to me, except the friendly attitude I have assumed toward you in this matter. However, I will voluntarily add

the benefit of my advice, if I think it necessary to protect or advance your interests."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Westervelt," replied Bob, gratefully.

"You are welcome. I need not repeat that I am glad to be of service to you."

A few minutes later Bob left the office and rejoined Ollie downstairs. He told his chum how things were going, as they walked to the cars. Next day Mr. Westervelt sent a note to Bob by his messenger, stating that he had notified Blumstein that the stock was not for sale on any such terms as he had offered, and the broker had in return asked for an offer on the certificate. Bob sent word back that he would make no offer—that it was up to Blumstein.

On Wednesday Blumstein made an offer of 35, which was refused. Thursday morning he raised the ante to 40, without success. Finally he called in the afternoon to say that he was authorized to give 50. Mr. Westervelt said that he would see the owner of the stock and find out whether he would accept that offer. After a consultation with Bob, Mr. Westervelt notified Broker Blumstein that the stock could be bought for 60, and not a dollar less.

"How are things coming, Bob?" asked Ollie, that afternoon.

"Well, they seem to be coming my way, so far," replied his friend. "I have just sent Blumstein my rock bottom figure."

"What is that?"

"Sixty dollars a share."

"That's pretty stiff, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I think it is worth that to the syndicate. It was evident that the necessary shares can't be got elsewhere or Blumstein would not have raised his ante to 50, which was his last offer."

"If he takes you up how much will you make?"

"Over \$100,000."

"Gee whiz! Hold me, will you? A hundred thousand dollars—the tenth part of a million, and you only a messenger boy! Jumping grasshoppers! Your picture will be in the newspapers as sure as you are alive."

"Not much. Nobody will know anything about it except you, I and Mr. Westervelt, and I don't expect that either you or Mr. W. will betray my confidence."

"I won't, you may be sure of that," replied Ollie, shaking his head, decidedly.

"Blumstein won't learn the name of the owner of the stock, for the whole transaction will be attended to by Mr. Westervelt, just as if the stock was his. This will be simply one of the many secret transactions that take place in Wall Street every business day in the year."

"Well, I hope it will go through all right," said Ollie.

"Mr. Westervelt feels sure that it will or he would have advised me to accept Blumstein's last offer of 50."

Nothing was heard from Blumstein until Saturday morning, when he entered Mr. Westervelt's office and asked for that gentleman. On being shown into the private office he took out his pocketbook and produced a certified check for \$210,000, payable to Mr. Westervelt's order. This check bore the signature of a millionaire, who was an important factor in Wall Street.

"My principals have decided to pay the price

demanding for the 3,500 shares of Blue Mountain stock which your client owns, though they regard it as a mighty stiff figure. There is a certified check in payment for some, and I will take the stock now, or you can send it to my office if you haven't it in your possession," said Mr. Blumstein.

"It is in my safe, Mr. Blumstein, but it will be necessary to communicate with the owner before I can let it go. That will take but a short time, I think."

"Very well," replied Broker Blumstein. "I consider the deal closed, however, as I hold your written offer at 60, which is tantamount to a sale, as you understand."

"There will be no hitch, sir," replied Mr. Westervelt, serenely; "but my client has my promise that I will communicate your reply to his offer before handing over the certificate. It is after all, a mere matter of form."

Blumstein bowed and took his leave. Ten minutes later the old gentleman put on his hat and went over to Mr. Townsend's office. He was so fortunate as to find Bob in, and told him that Blumstein had accepted his tender of 60, and given him a certified check for the amount involved. Bob was delighted and told Mr. Westervelt, who had the certificate with him, to deliver it to Broker Blumstein. As it was only a step to Blumstein's office, Mr. Westervelt went there and finished the transaction.

That afternoon at one Bob appeared at the old gentleman's office. Mr. Westervelt handed him a certificate of deposit made out in his name for \$124,250. This was the sum due Bob, which included his deposit of \$8,750, less \$7,000 to cover Mr. Westervelt's charges, or two per cent. advance on the price paid for the 3,500 shares. As Bob had \$750 in an envelope in Mr. Townsend's safe he was now worth exactly \$125,000, or one-eighth of a million—the figure he hoped to be worth some day in the future.

To say that he was a very happy boy, and hardly heard the old gentleman's congratulations, would be putting it quite mild, indeed.

He left the Æsop Building that afternoon feeling as if he was walking on air. After eating his lunch he took a car uptown and presented himself most unexpectedly before Edith Townsend, who was on the point of taking an airing up the Drive with her mother in their automobile.

"Why, Bob," she exclaimed, "this is a surprise."

"I hope not an unwelcome one," he replied.

"Why, of course not. Don't you know that you are always welcome?"

"So I thought; that's why I was bold enough to come. I have met with an uncommon piece of good luck, and I couldn't rest until I had told you, because I knew you would be glad to hear about it."

"Of course I would. What is it?"

"I've just made over \$100,000."

"You haven't!" ejaculated the pretty girl, in a tone of astonishment.

"Allow me to prove it," he said, producing his certificate of deposit and showing it to her.

"My gracious! Are you worth all that money?" cried the delighted girl.

"Yes, and \$750 more on top of it."

Then he told her the story of his deal in Blue Mountain, and when he had finished she declared

that he was the smartest, as well as the dearest, boy in the world.

"And you're the brightest and dearest girl in all the world yourself," he replied, snatching a kiss from her pouting lips.

After that he accompanied Edith and her mother on their afternoon ride.

CHAPTER XVI.—Capture Of The Cat—Conclusion.

Bob deposited his money in three different trust companies as special deposits on a three per cent. interest basis. He did this on the advice of Mr. Westervelt. Mr. Townsend remained entirely ignorant of the fact that his messenger was a rich boy, and had acquired his wealth through his own cleverness. Edith was the only one who might have enlightened him, but kept the secret because Bob, for whom she was willing to do anything, asked her to.

Thus several months elapsed and Bob passed his eighteenth birthday, while Edith Townsend herself reached her seventeenth year. People who saw them together noticed what a fine-looking young couple they were. Although Mr. and Mrs. Townsend did not suspect the exact truth they could not help being aware that a mutual attachment existed between Bob and their daughter, and the fact that they made no effort to change the current of affairs showed that they considered Burton as fully deserving of their confidence and respect. It is probable that they often talked the matter over between themselves, and that the banker and broker had views concerning the boy's future which he intended in time to put into effect.

It was early in the leafy month of June that Bob invited Edith to take a long trolley ride with him one Saturday afternoon. They went as far as New Rochelle and then got out for a walk. They strolled out through the country for quite a distance, and so engrossed were they in each other that they did not observe the heavy bank of clouds which gradually spread out over the sky until the sun was lost behind it and the brightness had died out from the landscape. Then Bob looked up and noticed the threatening aspect of the heavens.

"Looks as if it was going to rain, and pretty soon at that," he said. "We will have to hurry back to the trolley as fast as we can."

Edith agreed with him, and they got a move on, but before they had gone more than a quarter of a mile it began to rain, and from the size of the drops that came down the prospect for a good drenching for both in that unprotected road was pretty good. Bob instinctively looked around for shelter.

"There's an old house yonder that looks to be deserted. It's the only thing in sight. Let's run for it."

He grabbed her by the hands and away they scudded across an open lot, reaching the open doorway just in time to avoid a sudden down-pour.

"We just made it," said Bob. "It's lucky this building was at hand. Think what a state we'd be in if we were exposed to that rain. Why, it's coming down in bucketfuls."

It certainly was raining now to beat the band, but they didn't care, for they were protected from it.

"Heavy rain like that doesn't last long," said Bob, encouragingly.

"It looks as if it was going to last forever. How dark it has grown," said Edith.

"When the rain stops it will clear up again, and the sun will probably come out like it was before."

It seemed to grow darker and darker as the moments slipped by, while the rain showed no disposition to ease up.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish it would stop," said the girl, anxiously. "I don't like to be cooped up in this musty old building."

"The building won't hurt you. There's nobody here but ourselves," said Bob.

But he was wrong, for at that moment the sound of footsteps, soft and cat-like, sounded on the floor above.

"There's somebody upstairs!" she cried, with a frightened look, seizing her companion by the arm.

"Well, never mind. It's nobody that'll hurt us," he said, reassuringly.

"It might be a tramp, or several of them," she said, nervously. "They might come down and attack us."

"I'm not afraid of that," answered Bob, who, nevertheless, looked around the vacant room for something to defend himself with, if necessary.

The stout limb of a tree, nearly three feet long, stood in a corner, and Bob took possession of it. Just then they heard the soft thread of some one on the stairs behind them. They could see his figure but indistinctly on the stairs on account of the darkness, but he did not appear to be very formidable so far as size went. His presence, however, made Edith extremely nervous, and she clung to Bob for protection. Presently the man recommenced his descent and stepped out on the floor.

"Who are you?" demanded Bob, boldly.

The man made no reply, but continued to advance upon them. Edith uttered a scream of fear, while Bob, putting one arm protectingly about her, drew her behind him. The man crouched as if about to spring upon the lad, and a gleam of dull light falling athwart his unshaven face revealed his identity to Bob.

It was the man in whose room he had been confined for a short time the night he had been brought there by Bud Bunker and Jim Cox—the man known as Tom Collins, alias The Cat, who had been so long wanted by the police for the murder of the sailor in the Cherry Street saloon.

"I want your money and valuables," he hissed, viciously. "Throw them on the floor, or there will be trouble!"

"I don't think there will, Tom Collins," replied Bob, coolly, grabbing his club firmly.

At the mention of his name the Cat uttered a terrible imprecation and dashed at Bob with a knife.

Edith shrieked with terror, but her young protector swung the long stick aloft and brought it down with all his force on the man's head.

He dropped to the floor like a shot, his knife flying from his grasp.

A ghastly grin disfigured his famished, dirt-begrimed countenance.

"So you're knocked out at last, eh, Tom Collins?" said Bob. "I've done what the police of New York couldn't do—brought you out of your hole. It's up to me to see that you are landed in the Tombs."

He drew a dirty rag from the fellow's pocket and tied his wrists behind his back.

Then he took his own handkerchief and secured his ankles.

Shortly afterward the rain stopped, the clouds broke away and the sun came out.

Then a wagon, driven by a bearded man, came down the road.

Bob and Edith ran out of the building and waited for him.

"Hold on a moment," said Bob. "I've captured a noted crook, and he is in yonder building. I want you to help me land him at the police station."

The man was astonished, but said he would do as Burton wished.

In fifteen minutes Bob turned Tom Collins, still unconscious, over to the New Rochelle police, and disclosed the scoundrel's identity.

"Please telephone the Mulberry Street Headquarters at once," said Bob, after he had given his name and address. "He'll be sent for mighty quick."

The officer at the desk said he would, and then Bob and Edith took a car for Manhattan, arriving at Riverside Drive in the course of two hours.

Next morning's papers had an account of the capture of The Cat by Bob Burton, who had, single-handed, accomplished what the detectives had for a year failed to do.

Tom Collins was duly tried, convicted and sentenced to the electric chair for his chief crime, and in due course was electrocuted.

On the Monday following the rascal's capture, Bob was a hero in Wall Street, for everybody connected with the financial district had read about his exploit.

He didn't get a swelled head, however, but continued right on with his duties as a messenger just as if he hadn't done a thing.

In the course of time, Mr. Townsend took Bob into his counting-room, where he rose rapidly to the post of cashier of the house. The boy then explained to his employer how he had made a fortune while working as a messenger, and the broker was greatly astonished.

By the time he was over twenty-one he asked for and obtained permission to be regarded as Edith's future husband.

A year later they were married at her parent's home on Riverside Drive, and when they returned from their wedding trip Mr. Townsend admitted his son-in-law to a partnership in the business.

Thus it was that Bob Burton rose "From Rags to Riches, and might well be called A Lucky Wall Street Messenger."

Next week's issue will contain "ON HIS MERITS; or, THE SMARTEST BOY ALIVE."

CURRENT NEWS

TELESCOPE MARVEL

Sir Frank Dyson, Astronomer Royal, while testing the big telescope at Greenwich Observatory turned it on London. He observed a menacing crack at the base of a church steeple. He measured the crack with the instruments used to determine lunar distances and was convinced it was dangerous. It was difficult to find where the church was, because the magnification was so great only the steeple showed in the telescope's field, but with the aid of a large scale map and instruments Dyson placed the church.

ISLAND NEAR PANAMA RESEMBLES NOAH'S ARK

Barro Colorado Island was formed when the valleys about it were flooded by the impounding of the waters of the Chagres River to form Gatun Lake.

It resembles Noah's Ark in that there gathered as the waters rose nearly every form of animal life in the vicinity, seeking escape from the rising flood.

Despite that it is only two miles from the Panama River, it has been found to harbor amphibians of new and strange habits as yet unstudied and innumerable species of insects never described, as well as many strange and exotic plants, numbering 2,000 or more.

It abounds with anteaters, sloths, armadillos, peccaries, tapir, agoutis, coatis, the ocelot, the jaguar, many species of bat, monkeys of various kinds and the famous Black Howlers.

SURNAMES

Surnames as family names were unknown before the middle of the 11th Century, except in rare cases where a family "established a fund for the deliverance of the souls of certain ancestors (Christian names specified) from purgatory," although some philologists claim that surnames began to be adopted in England about 1,000 A. D., coming mainly from Normandy, and it is now known that a few Saxons had surnames originally designating occupations, estate, place of residence, or were based upon some particular event that related to the person or on personal peculiarities, as William Rufus, John Lackland, Edmund Ironsides, Robert Smith, or William Turner, and were consequently derived from mere epithets. Another class of surnames is patronimic, indicating of whom the person bearing the name is a son. In this latter class belong the numerous names like Johnson, Thompson, William, etc. This form of surname prevailed and survived in Denmark until the middle of the 19th Century, when it was replaced by the system of family names.

UNIQUE FLOATING TOLL-ROAD ACROSS THE EVERGLADES

A private toll-road fifty-one miles long has just been built through the Florida Everglades under conditions that are unique from an engineering

point of view. Except where drained, the Everglades lie under water and the soil is soft, spongy, vegetable muck, not capable of sustaining the weight of heavy vehicles. But underneath this quaking muck there lies at a depth varying from five to twenty feet a marl which hardens in the open air and makes an excellent road-bed or foundation when dug up, dried and spread out. The road is built of this marl so that, in one sense, the road actually floats on the underlying muck.

A great deal of grading of this remarkable road was actually done under water, as the level of the neighboring Lake Okechobee was then very high. The road even had to be protected from the waves of the lake by means of the dense water hyacinth which takes root in the lake and rapidly spreads, breaking up the waves quite effectually. Marl for spreading out on top of the muck as a solid road-bed was obtained by means of dredges which dug it up from the bottom of the St. Lucie Canal. This canal was already there when the road was begun. To make a roadway over the muck this material was piled up four feet high and about thirty feet wide.

INDIANS THE BEST CANOE BUILDERS

The North American Indians have brought the canoe to its highest state of perfection. With the most frail material, birch bark, they construct a craft so light that it may be carried by one man, and yet so strong and buoyant that it will carry a very considerable load. A framework of light but tough wood is covered with sheets of birch bark, which are sewed together, the seams being waterproofed with resinous gums. They are propelled by means of a single-bladed paddle, which is dipped on one side only (a slight twist correcting the tendency to swerve from a straight line), or alternately on either side. The use of the birch bark canoe by the Indians of the United States is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, asserts the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*, but the art of building them has been preserved by their construction as a pleasure craft.

A form of canoe of recent invention is used solely for pleasure. About 1865 John Macgregor, impelled by a love of adventure, sought recreation on the rivers and fords of Europe as well as on the waters of Egypt and Palestine. He developed his model from the Esquimau kayak, and evolved a clinker-built craft of cedar, about 14 feet long and 2 feet in beam, entirely decked over with the exception of a "well" in which the canoeist sits. This is propelled by means of a double-bladed paddle, but a short mast enables the carrying of a sail. In a canoe of this type, which he named the *Rob Roy*, Macgregor cruised on the Danube, the Jordan, the Nile, the Seine and on Norwegian fjords. From this early model other forms have been evolved, notably the *Nautilus* and *Shawod* types. Watertight compartments insure permanent buoyancy. Centerboards counteract leeway when under sail or wind. The interior space is so arranged as to provide a sleeping place for the cruiser.

GUS AND THE GUIDE

— Or. —

Three Weeks Lost in the Rockies

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE CASE.

It was snowing in New York, a cold, damp snow, which half melted as it fell, and made the streets perilous to life and limb.

Gus, whose desk was close to the window of Marston's banking-house, and could look out on Wall Street, had never felt so depressed since the day he struck the great metropolis two years before.

That was Gus Sanderson's black-letter day, for on that day he was first seized with homesickness, and would have given anything to have been back in the Far West, where he came from.

The two years in Banker Marston's employ had helped to accustom Gus to city life, of course, but even now he did not love it. He felt that he never could love it. He was homesick for the Wild West still.

Gus was a Colorado production, now eighteen years of age, and the son of a once prosperous "cattle king," who, like many other men, was not satisfied with his own way of living for his son.

Sanderson, Sr., was bound that Gus should be a banker, and be educated in the ways of city life, so he sent his boy on to New York, consigned to his old friend, Henry Marston, shortly after the death of his own wife.

Scarcely was Gus installed in a subordinate position in Marston's bank than news came of the death of his father also, which was soon followed by the unpleasant intelligence that he had lost all in mining speculations.

It was a sad blow to Gus.

It took his last dollar to pay his fare to Colorado and to meet the funeral expenses. Finding that there was nothing left of an estate of several hundred thousand dollars, Gus borrowed money and returned to New York as the only thing he could do, and here he had been toiling away at the bank ever since, discouraged as to his prospects, and still homesick for the Far West.

We have made this long explanation at the beginning of our story in order that we might have done with it, for it was written in the Book of Fate that Gus Sanderson should jump suddenly back into the Wild West, and pass through a series of adventures far more stirring than anything the boy had ever known.

It began that very snowy afternoon, and the beginning of it was the ringing of Mr. Marston's little desk-bell, which meant that the office boy was wanted, said boy coming out of the private room in a moment, and announcing that the call really meant Gus.

Gus's heart was up in his mouth, as the saying is, when he left his desk, for Mr. Marston was as cold-blooded a proposition as ever existed; a stern, silent man, who seldom spoke to his employees other than on business matters, while to Gus, who was certainly the lowest of the bookkeepers, he seldom spoke at all.

"What can he want of me?" thought Gus, as he entered the private office fully expecting to get the "grand bounce."

Mr. Marston was seated at his desk, signing papers.

"Sit down, Gus," he said in a more kindly tone than usual. "I shall be through in a few moments. I want to talk to you about a matter of my own."

Gus dropped into a chair greatly relieved, and when the banker had finished what he was doing he wheeled around in his chair and said:

"Gus, I am in deep trouble. I want you to help me out."

"I am sure I shall be only too happy to help in any way I can, Mr. Marston," faltered Gus.

"But you don't see how it is possible that a poor boy like you can help a millionaire like me?" said the banker, reading his thoughts. "Well, Gus, it may not be possible, but if you cannot help me I fear my case is hopeless, for I don't know who to trust. There are some things that money won't buy, and this seems to be one of them. You remember, my son?"

"Yes, sir. I saw him several times here, in the office, but he never spoke to me, nor I to him."

"Doubtless; Matt is a peculiar fellow. You have not seen him lately, Gus."

"No, sir; I understand he was abroad."

"That is what we have given out, but I now confess to you that the report is a false one. It is now over six months since Matt ran away from home in company with a young man whom I hired as coachman. Since that hour we have never seen him nor heard a word from him direct. I have spent thousands of dollars on detectives, all for no purpose. I have made three trips to the Far West myself in the hope of being able to do what they could not. In short, every means has been exhausted to rescue poor Matt from this madman, who seems to have hypnotized him from the first hour they met. Others noticed the strange fascination he seemed to exert over my unfortunate son, but I was blind—blind!"

Mr. Marston sighed deeply, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Tell me what it is you want me to do," said Gus. "I know the Far West, and——"

"And it is because you do know it, and are young and determined, and, moreover, because I feel that I can trust you that I have resolved to make this appeal to you," broke in Mr. Marston. "Let me briefly state the case. This man Blake applied to me for a coachman's position and I engaged him. He was with me three months, during which time Matt, who is not overbright, was constantly thrown in with him. One dreadful day—I can never forget it—both vanished, and this letter was left behind."

(To be continued.)

HERE AND THERE

PLANT FOR YOUR FISH

The best plant for aquarium purposes is sagittaria. The variety known as natans is of moderate size, says *Nature Magazine*. An aquarium of a size 9x15x10 inches high should be started with about a dozen such plants, well rooted in coarse sand or grit, one and one-half to two inches deep.

LONDON WOMEN HAVE PEDIGREED MICE FOR PETS

The age-old illusion that women hate and are afraid of mice was dispelled at the recent Crystal Palace Animal Show.

Three hundred and fifty women entered pedigreed mice for the show, and it was a common sight during the course of the show to see the mice's proud owners fondling them in their hands and allowed them to run up their arms.

According to the catalogue, one mouse shown, only eight weeks old, was priced at \$500, but it was explained that this substantial figure was only put on because the woman owner would not part with her pet for any price.

UNDERTAKERS SWINDLED

A novel form of swindle based on the eagerness for new business was disclosed the other day. Two undertakers from Stamford, Conn., strode into the undertaking shop of Joseph E. Dougherty, Brooklyn.

They asked Mr. Dougherty whether he knew of any undertaking establishment at No. 19 Amity street, saying their search had ended at an unused dock. Mr. Dougherty burst into a roar of laughter.

Two weeks ago an undertaker from Easton, Pa., came into Dougherty's shops and asked the same question. He said a young man came to his shop in Easton and asked him to travel to New York for the bodies of relatives killed in a Tenth avenue fire. The young man said the bodies were in an undertaking shop at No. 19 Amity street.

On the trip here he borrowed \$60 in cash from the undertaker. When they arrived the young man went into a cigar store and disappeared. The Easton undertaker, who had himself purchased two graves back home for the bodies, found himself \$155 out of pocket and thoroughly hoaxed.

The Stamford men told a story similar in every detail. They sent an embalmer on ahead with the young man. Up to a late hour the embalmer had not arrived at the Dougherty shop where the two Stamford men stood waiting fearfully.

Dougherty became curious. He went to the dock. There he found the embalmer peering disconsolately around and wondering what it was all about.

What had become of the strange young man? "Oh," the embalmer said, "I lent him \$50 to buy a black suit. He got off the train at 125th street while I went on the Grand Central. He said he would meet me here."

The young man didn't keep the appointment. The police have been notified.

BIG TREE FOREST

In the gift last October to Tulare County, Cal., by Mr. and Mrs. A. Balch of Los Angeles, of the large tract now known as Balch Park, one of the most valuable groves of giant redwood trees in the Pacific Coast region, is assured of perpetual preservation. The park contains 160 acres and is about half way between Los Angeles and San Francisco in the mountain area known as the High Sierras, comprising part of Bear Creek Forest. For many years the park was called Summer Home.

It was from this park that the famous big tree was cut in 1876 for the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. The stump of the great tree is in the park, the top neatly scooped off for use as a dance hall, and thousands of couples have danced there in the last few years. Another curiosity is the huge fallen stump known as Hollow Log. A large section of the trunk is hollow, leaving a cavity large enough to use as a single car garage. A family of Porterville, Tulare County, lived in the log for three Summers, fitting up three comfortable rooms. The log was discovered in 1875 by C. T. Brown, a hunter, who was trailing a bear, and he cut his initials on the stump and they remain there as his trade-mark of discovery.

Another partially hollow tree is known as Copper Stump. It has been burned out about twelve feet in diameter, extending into the tree for thirty feet, and this also was used for several seasons by a Forteville family as a Summer home.

Balch Park contains 110 magnificent redwoods. The finest is old Methuselah, 107 feet in circumference and said to be the largest tree in the Sierras. Its age has been estimated at 4,000 years. Another wonder is named the Lady Alyce, and it has been called the most symmetrical tree in the Sierra region. It is 310 feet in height standing perfectly straight without a branch up to a height of 100 feet, where the first limb is five feet eight inches in diameter. The diameter of this big tree is nineteen feet at a height of six feet from the ground.

Foresters say that more than half of the big trees of the world are in Bear Creek Forest, which includes trees on tributaries of the North Tule and Bear Creeks and the headwaters of the Middle Tule. On the north of the forest adjoins the celebrated Sequoia National Forest. Many of the old trees were cut down by lumber interests fifty years ago, and the cut-over section is now overgrown with young redwoods. Bear Creek Forest is said to be the only redwood forest which is reforesting itself.

A temporary road from the main highway has been built this season to the entrance of Balch Park, and the entire area has been fenced in. The gift was made on condition that it be preserved in its natural state, and it was influenced by the efforts of civic organizations in the town of Porterville to perpetuate the locality for posterity.

INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

A BETTER SIMPLE VERNIER

To keep the rubber-tipped pencil from moving away from the dial drive a phonograph needle through the panel at the edge of the dial. The rubber in the pencil can be forced onto the needle and then on the dial. It cannot slip and good vernier control will be obtained.

USES A "HUSHAPHONE"

A new type of microphone, known as a hushaphone, is used by W J Z to radiocast prizefights and other athletic events. It is designed to keep out of the broadcast the shouts of the crowd and other outside disturbance. In tests, phonograph records played just a short distance from this new microphone did not disturb the microphone and did not go "on the air." It is a tubular affair with the regular microphone inside the tube. A small aperture allows the speaker to actuate the microphone.

SMOKE ABSORBS RADIO WAVES

The smoke given out by a factory chimney or any other large and hot fire usually contains many electrified particles of the kind called "ions" and is a fairly good conductor of electricity. This means that if you try to operate a radio set in the shadow of a lot of smoking chimneys you may have trouble, due to the absorption of the radio energy by the smoke cloud in much the same way in which energy is absorbed by a steel building. The small amount of smoke given off by a house chimney is not enough, however, to have any perceptible effect.

NOISES

The limiting factor in present-day reception is noise especially atmospheric noise. This is especially true in the case of superheterodyne sets. If it were not for the fact that tube noises and atmospheric disturbances hold us to a practical limit, we could keep on amplifying indefinitely. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that our intermediate-frequency amplifier should amplify this type of interference as little as possible. It should be a pure radio-frequency amplifier and should not pass audio-frequencies with increasing volume. The higher the wavelength which is used the lower the frequency becomes, gradually approaching an audible frequency. Accordingly, the higher the wavelength to which the amplifier is tuned the greater is its tendency to amplify audio-frequency noises. In fact, a radio-frequency transformer which is designed for wavelengths of 6,000 meters or greater is a fair audio-frequency transformer, and a three-stage audio-frequency amplifier, even if its efficiency per stage is not great, can build up quite a volume of sound. Hence, it will be noted how we are limited in the development of still more sensitive superheterodyne receivers.

THE THERMIODYNE

This four-tube receiver is claimed to possess the following advantages: The dial settings are absolutely predetermined. If the wavelength of

a desired station is known, the operator can instantly tune in the signals of that station. The thermiodyne can be used with an outside, inside or even a loop antenna, and the signals come in at the same point on the tuning dial regardless of the type of antenna or external conditions. Under favorable conditions the receiver can be used without an antenna. The thermiodyne is free from squeaks, squawks or howls, no matter how it is handled. It will not distort broadcast music. As many stages of tuned radio-frequency amplification as may be desired can be placed before the detector. If properly constructed, this circuit is said to be as selective as a wave meter. Any number of thermiodynes can be operated from a single antenna, each receiving from a different station without interference. This circuit is the invention of Carl E. Trube, who worked with Professor Hazeltine in the development of the neutrodyne receiver. Because of the surprisingly uniform tuning of the radio-frequency stages in the thermiodyne circuit, it has been possible to group these tuning operations for a single control—three stages of so-called thermiodyne frequency, detector and two stages of audio-frequency, all tuned with but a single control.

HOW TO READ DIAGRAMS

A great deal of confusion is experienced by new fans in reading the schematic diagrams of radio circuits.

The aerial is represented by two joined triangles. The aerial connects to a spiral marked "pri," which is the primary winding of a tuner. The ground, represented by six lines in the shape of an inverted pyramid, is the water pipe.

The secondary coil is represented by a long spiral—means turns of wire. Two short, vertical lines is the symbol for a fixed condenser.

Across the terminals of the secondary is connected the variable condenser the symbol of which in the schematic drawing, is an arrow crossing two short, heavy, horizontal lines.

In schematic drawing, the vacuum tube socket is shown with the terminal marked "G" for grid, "P" for plate and "F" for filament leads. Two short, heavy vertical lines in the wire running to the "G" post represent the grid condenser. A short, wavy line drawn above the grid condenser is the tubular grid leak.

On the filament terminal is shown another wavy line tapped midway by an arrow terminating at the positive side of the "A" battery. This wavy line and arrow mean that it is a variable resistance called a rheostat. An "A" battery symbol shows one short heavy line and one slightly longer lighter line. The heavy line is the negative side and the light line is the positive side.

The "B" battery symbol is a series of alternate heavy and light lines representing a number of coils connected in series.

At crossing points lines break into 6 short curves which indicates that these two wires must not touch. Dots show where one wire joins another.

GOOD READING

ERIE'S FISH

Lake Erie yields a larger annual catch of fish than any other body of New York State water. Two years ago licensed fishermen took nearly 5,000,000 pounds of fish from it.

CAMEL GOING WITHOUT WATER

An ordinary camel will carry a pack 25 miles a day for three days without water, while there are some camels that will go without water 50 miles a day for five days. It is possible for a camel to go without water for seven days, no doubt, but in practice the above periods are about the maximum. A specially trained camel will carry its rider 100 miles a day. It lifts its legs on the same side at the same time, like a pacing horse. A mature camel will carry a load of 1,000 pounds. The animal is not fully grown until its 16th or 17th year.

ODORS OF METALS

Experiments have been made to prove that metals have odors composed not of the atoms of the metal but of the products of their chemical changes. At ordinary temperatures the odors frequently could not be detected or were almost imperceptible, but became more pronounced as the metal was heated, and then disappeared after the heating had been continued for a considerable length of time. The experimenters also have succeeded in isolating the odorous matter.

EARTH'S MOTION CAUSES WATCHES TO OSCILLATE

Railway men on the speedy trains in service are instructed from headquarters to leave their watches in their vest or trousers pockets at night and never hang the garment on the wall, but place it on a chair or stand.

The danger of hanging the watch on the wall is made plain, as the earth's movements cause the walls to change position, and that causes the watch to oscillate, and that gives the delicate balance wheel of the watch a contrary motion, making the timepiece unreliable for the important service expected.

DEATH VALLEY

Death Valley is probably the most unique natural feature in California. It is located in the southeast corner of Inyo County, and is inclosed by the Panamint Mountains on the west and the Funeral Range on the east. It is seventy-five miles long, and at its narrowest point but eight miles wide.

At one time, most probably, it was the bed of an ancient river. The lowest depression is 299 feet below sea level, but above this rises Telescope Peak, 11,000 feet high, of the Panamint Range, and directly opposite the Funeral Peak, which reaches an altitude of 8,000 feet. During the winter these peaks are covered with snow.

This remarkable valley was discovered in 1850 by a party of immigrants, many of whom lost their lives in the attempt to cross it. The name

has clung to it, also, as being the scene of numberless tragedies. Early in its history traditions of gold and silver deposits of wonderful richness within its boundaries persuaded many adventurous persons to undertake the hazardous experiment of its exploration. The number who have lost their lives in this desolate field is undoubtedly great. Pursuing the mirage of rich deposits of precious metals, these adventurous prospectors succumbed at last to the intolerable heat and the agonies of thirst.

The range of the thermometer is probably much greater in Death Valley than elsewhere in the western hemisphere. In winter the temperature is way below zero, while in July and August the thermometer ranges for weeks at 137 degrees above, frequently rising several degrees higher. For weeks at a time the lowest temperature observed exceeded 100 degrees. The daily heat burns every vestige of vegetation. The Spanish bayonet, a plant that flourishes under the most arid conditions, here barely survives, while the mesquite, with its long roots penetrating deep into the earth in search of scanty moisture, just manages to exist.

It is in the months of greatest heat that the sand storms of Death Valley are most deadly. They rage with intense fury, obliterating the landscape and dimming the light of the sun, withering the scanty vegetation and covering the trails deep in powdered dust. At all times the aspect of the valley is superlatively desolate. No spot on earth surpasses it in aridity or tophet-like heat.

The belief that the borax marshes are the remains of the vast lake which once filled the valley is supported by traces of water-line found six feet above, on the mountainsides.

In general appearance, all borax marshes are alike. They are located at the point of greatest depression, and from a distance look like deposits of salt or snow. Under the surface is common wet clay or water of varying depths. These deposits are generally circular in form and appear as though once they were craters. Borax was created by contact of boracic acid in gaseous form, with the lime and soda of the surface. At Teels Marsh, Nevada, borate of lime appears in the form of balls embedded in clay along with soda, salt, etc., but at Columbus these are found in sandy soil. Sometimes these balls are decomposed, underlying the soil, which is removed and the borate shoveled out. Deposits of crude borate of soda are found in Nevada and in Death Valley at the Monte Blanco mines.

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FROM ALL POINTS

DENVER MINTS \$62,677,900

Although more than \$20,000,000 more precious metal bullion was coined in the Denver Mint during 1924 than in 1923, not a single silver dollar was turned out, Frank E. Shepard, Superintendent of the Mint, announced recently.

More than 3,000,000 double eagles were minted. In silver the following pieces were turned out:

Quarters, 3,112,000; dimes, 6,770,000; nickels, 5,252,000.

A total of 2,500,000 copper pieces were produced.

The total bullion in gold and silver converted was \$62,677,900. Colorado mines contributed \$5,976,214.84, compared with \$4,892,476.17 the previous year.

THE 20-MULE TEAM

Users of 20-mule team borax will be interested to know that nowadays the twenty-mule team is only a prosaic sixty-horsepower tractor of the tracklaying or tank type pulling six or seven broad-tired wagons behind it. The borax is the same, however, even though the old mules have been paid off and discharged.

Recent years have seen an increase in the number of commercially important discoveries of borax found. The importance of these may be judged by the fact that over 120,000 tons of borax is now being produced every year. Borax is not merely used to soften wash water, however, for it now goes into the manufacture of glass, enamel, household and toilet preparations, preservatives, fluxes, and various chemicals.

The borax deposits of the West are confined to Southern California and Nevada.

MORE CAREFUL WITH PINE

Southern pine lumbermen are employing more economic methods of using forest materials than were used in the early days of lumbering in the South. A greater proportion of the trees is being used, and there is less waste of wood than formerly, the Alabama Forestry Commission concludes, after a survey of lumber manufacturing conditions in that state. The announcement of the

Alabama Forestry Commission's findings sets forth some of the reasons why close utilization of forest materials was not practiced in the early lumbering days. The statement says:

"Two decades ago forests were so extensive that the public refused to accept lumber material other than the best grades cut from trees of the most desirable species. As a result of this feature of the demand, lumbermen were obliged to leave in the woods much material that would have been medium and lower grades of lumber, provided that the buying public would accept it.

"With the diminution of the forests, however, the public has realized that the choice grades of lumber can no longer be obtained at low prices, and builders and other consumers are becoming accustomed to the use of material that formerly no one would buy.

"Complete utilization is one of the principles of forestry. A market for the lower grades of lumber and for what formerly were regarded as inferior species of trees makes it possible now for timberland owners to practice forestry."

LAUGHS

Impecunious Nobleman—Sir, I understand you have a peerless daughter? Old Moneybags—Yes, and you might as well understand first as last that she is going to stay peerless, as far as your fortune-hunters are concerned.

Minister—So you go to school, do you, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, sir. Minister—Let me hear you spell bread. Bobby—B-r-e-d. Minister—Webster spells it with an a, Bobby. Bobby—Yes, sir; but you didn't ask me how Webster spells it. You asked me how I spell it.

"Things will be changed when the women vote." "Yes, I suppose they will. Probably they will insist on having rugs on the floors of all the polling places." "I wasn't thinking of that. They will probably want to add postscripts to their ballots after they got them marked."

Abby, the littlest girl of the family, was seated at the breakfast table one morning. As usual, eggs were served. Either she was not hungry or she had grown tired of the inevitable bill of fare, for very earnestly and soberly she remarked, "I do wish hens would lay something besides eggs."

The Drug Store Clerk—Gee whiz! I have kept that woman waiting for half an hour. I forgot all about her prescription. Shall I let her have the medicine at half-price as compensation? The Proprietor—Certainly not! Charge her double in order to make her think you had a lot of trouble in mixing it up.

Mr.—I wonder what that painting represents? The youth and maiden seem to be in such a tender mood. Mrs.—Oh! don't you see, dear? He has just asked her to marry him and she is accepting him. Mr.—Ah! that's so. The title is very appropriate, too. Mrs.—I don't see any title. Mr.—Why, that card at the bottom, which says, "Sold!"

FROM EVERYWHERE

BIRDS SEEK OLD HAUNTS

Interesting data on how birds of a feather flock together and how they return year after year in the course of migrations to any port that will provide them with protection and food in a storm has been obtained by Jack Miller, naturalist, at his bird sanctuary, Kingsville, Ont.

Mr. Miller caught seventeen wild mallard ducks in a net and ascertained that six of the older birds had already been marked with his aluminum tags bearing various verses of Scripture. One bird was at least six years old, having been marked in 1918. All the birds were supplied with new 1924 tags.

ONE HOUSE ON FOUR MAPS

There is one man in the United States, says *American Forests*, who is living in four different states at the same time. At the intersection of the four-square boundaries of Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico stands his ranch house. Therefore, he goes into Utah to sleep; when he gets up he washes in Colorado; next comes breakfast for which he goes over into Arizona; while if he finds any spare time he sits on his porch in New Mexico and has a smoke. His windmill pumps water for his stock from a well in New Mexico, but the trough from which the cattle drink is in Arizona.

Is this man a wag, or did he get his ideas from seeing the record play, "Lightnin'?" To which state does he pay his taxes, and does he claim voting residence on a basis of the part of his house in which he sleeps or the part in which he smokes?

RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN NEBRASKA
REVEALS REMAINS OF IMMENSE
INDIAN CITY

In Eastern Nebraska, along the banks of the Loup and Platte Rivers, excavations made last summer revealed that a great group of Indian settlements with at least a million population existed in the locality before the Pilgrims came to America. E. E. Blackman, curator of the Nebraska State Historical Society, has just made extensive excavations in this region and has established that the large settlements were in existence at least as far back as 1541.

Following the clue given in an ancient document in Paris, which described the massacre in 1720 of a Spanish expedition of several thousand persons, Mr. Blackman set out to dig for implements and other articles the Indians would have captured from the Spaniards. He found parts of Spanish plate armor and brass chains from the bits of Spanish cavalry horses.

Digging near Genoa, Nance County, Nebraska, on the site of a large, low Indian mound, Mr. Blackman found evidences that a large settlement had once existed there. Heated underground rooms, circular in shape and as much as sixty feet in diameter were found. Under the former earth floors of these rooms were ashes, human

remains, flint implements, broken pottery and other relics. In the same locality the remains of an Indian city of hundreds of thousands of inhabitants were discovered by means of a trench dug across an extensive Indian mound. Wooden posts which had entered into the construction of these houses had rotted away but the pockets in the earth where they had stood remained still open.

This ruined Indian city evidently dates from about the year 1541, reference to it having been made in the records of Colorado's great expedition of that date. Other indications tend to show its age to be at least two centuries older than this. Evidences that systematic agriculture was practiced by the Indians of this time and locality is shown by the discovery of many corn cobs. Corn was raised in fields outside the settlements.—*New York Times*.

LOOK, BOYS!
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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

THEFT ENDS X-WORD SESSION

John Sankowski and Edward Segar of Lynn, Mass., are ardent cross-word puzzle fans. Early the other morning they were seated in a restaurant working out a puzzle, when a stranger, who apparently knew more about puzzles than they did, invited them to a room in a hotel to continue their solutions.

A few hours later Sankowski and Segar reported to Police Headquarters that the cross-word instructor had robbed them of their overcoats, two gold watches, a fountain pen and the cash they possessed.

VALUE OF THE PORPOISE

In this hastening age of ours, when even seconds count in business life, it may sound paradoxical to say that we owe our punctuality and time saving to the playful porpoise. And yet such, indeed, is the fact, for watches, clocks and still more dignified chronometers would not run month in and month out with regularity but for the lubricant obtained from its jaws. This oil has the unique property of being able to retain its fluidity summer and winter, and there is an authentic record of the lubricant doing its work at a temperature of quite 100 degrees below the freezing point.

A variety of other oils have been tried for the same service, but all of them have proved far less reliable. In a watch or chronometer the oil must stay where put—it must not “creep” over the mechanism and thus steal away from its proper post of duty. Therefore, it ought not to run away in the presence of considerable heat. Neither should the oil oxidize, evaporate or grow rancid. These exacting requirements are met in their entirety only by porpoise jaw oil, and it is no wonder that the stuff when refined sells wholesale in the neighborhood of \$25 a gallon. There are many other mechanisms that are best cared for by using porpoise jaw oil, such, for instance, as talking machines, delicate recording apparatus, etc.

VALUABLE FACTS WE ALL SHOULD KNOW

Breathing.—Breathe through the nose, as this method will warm and moisten and purify the air. Breathing through the mouth will not. Colds (so-called) are contracted by mouth-breathing. The air we breathe must be moistened to prevent “colds.” Keep a pan of water on your heating stove and breathe through the nose all the time, indoors and out.

Poison Ivy.—Steep the seeds of cardamon. Apply the lotion cold.

Doctor Nature.—Doctors, medicines and money are failures as cures for the ill person. Correctly eating the right amount of the right food is the only sure way of preventing and curing disease. “Gorging,” says Dr. Moras, “is suicide.” Diet or die.

Drowning.—Lay the body face downward, face turned to one side so as to prevent breathing. Extend arms above the head. Kneel astride the buttock, place your hands on the short ribs, and alternately press down with the weight of your

shoulders and release, twelve to fifteen times to the minute. Do this for an hour if necessary. When natural breathing is restored, rub legs and body toward the heart to stimulate circulation.

Fish Food for Fat People.—Don't take fat-reducing medicines if you are too stout. Cut down your diet, get out of doors exercise, and you will assume normal lines and weight. Avoid sweets, eggs, cream, fat meats and especially potatoes.

Fishbone in Throat.—A raw egg swallowed will detach a fishbone in the throat.

To Stop Bleeding.—The worst case of bleeding can be stopped by cold water.

Tobacco.—“Smoking good tobacco is good for the health.”—Dr. J. Gardner Smith, New York.

Insomnia.—Drink a generous quantity of water, then, half an hour later, eat, slowly, a paprika or red pepper crustless sandwich with butter, half an hour before bedtime. It will draw the blood from the head to the stomach, stimulate the stomach and rest the brain.

LONG KEY FISHING CAMP ATTRACTS ANGLERS

Long Key Fishing Camp, Florida, headquarters for big game fishing and one of the world's famous fishing resorts, has come to rival British East Africa as a goal for sportsmen. Anglers come from all parts of the world seeking to establish new record catches. The present season promises to surpass the attendance of all previous years.

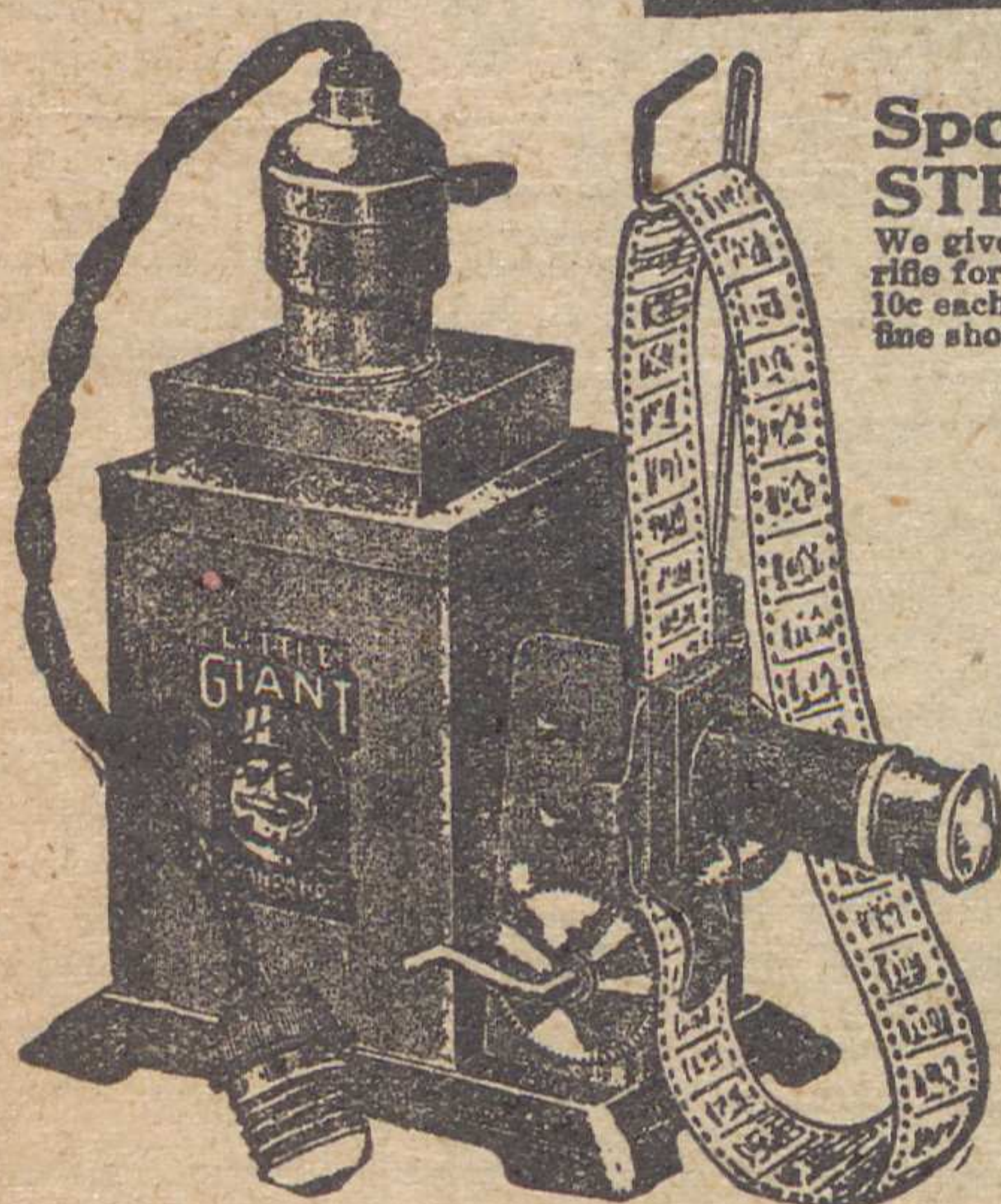
Scores of visitors, numbering some of America's leaders in social, financial and industrial affairs, may be seen bringing in beautiful catches along the railway viaduct. The large fleets of fishing launches built for deep sea sport give every nimrod a chance to get out upon the reefs daily.

So popular has big game fishing become with the tourists that those who stopped over there on their way to Cuba and Key West have almost invariably made a return visit. Indeed, one can readily account for this not only because of the beauty of this picturesque key, but the thrilling sport of landing the great leaping game fish is never to be forgotten. George Schutt, manager of the camp, says it is like a disease and comes back every year. The sail fish is the prized catch. This gleaming fighting monster, who sometimes walks the water on his tail, provides one of the most spectacular thrills to be found in these waters. The tales of the Northern visitors in the evening center entirely around their fishing experiences of the day and past week. Sail fish that come up almost to the stern of the boat and critically look at the bait and then, seemingly dissatisfied, swim away; barracuda that bite in half other fish that have been just hooked were described. Amberjack can be lured right up to the side of the boat. One of the sportsmen at Long Key took a piece of mullet out of the bait box, trailed it in the water and soon Mr. Amberjack himself grabbed and bit off a portion of the bait. The bone fish is a curio to the visitors. They are surprised when told that it lives on crabs and shell fish and its mouth and tongue are covered with teeth.

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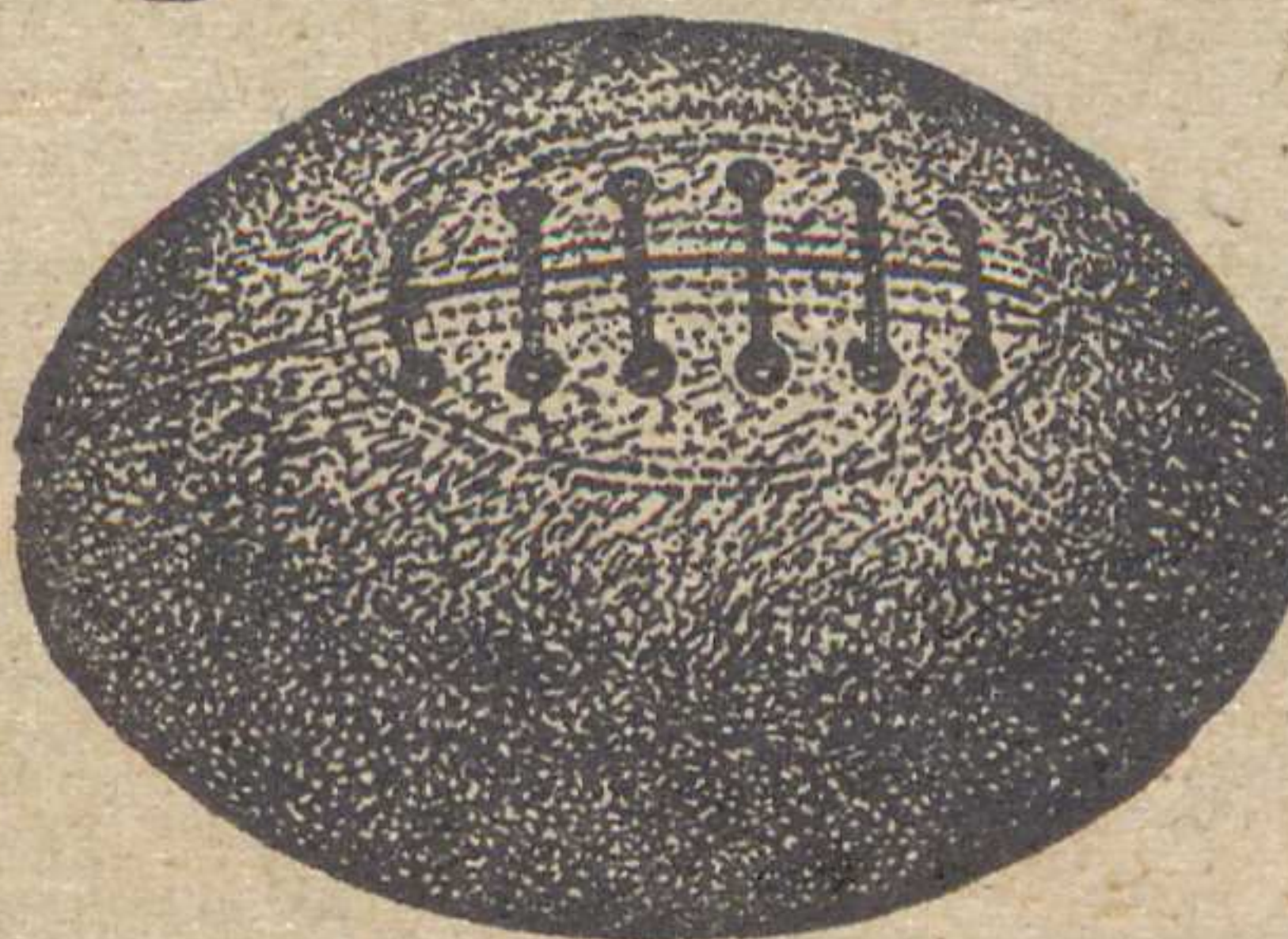
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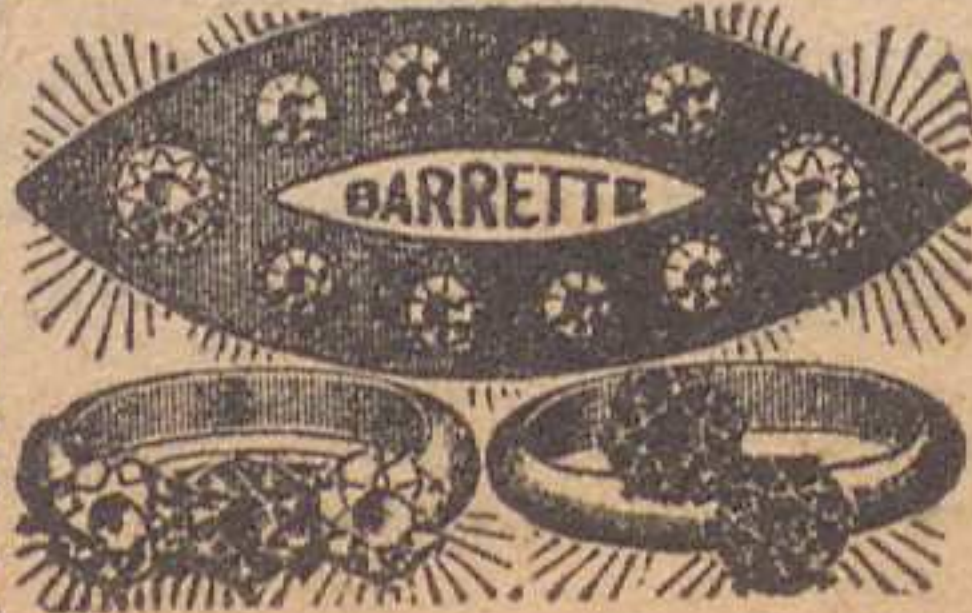
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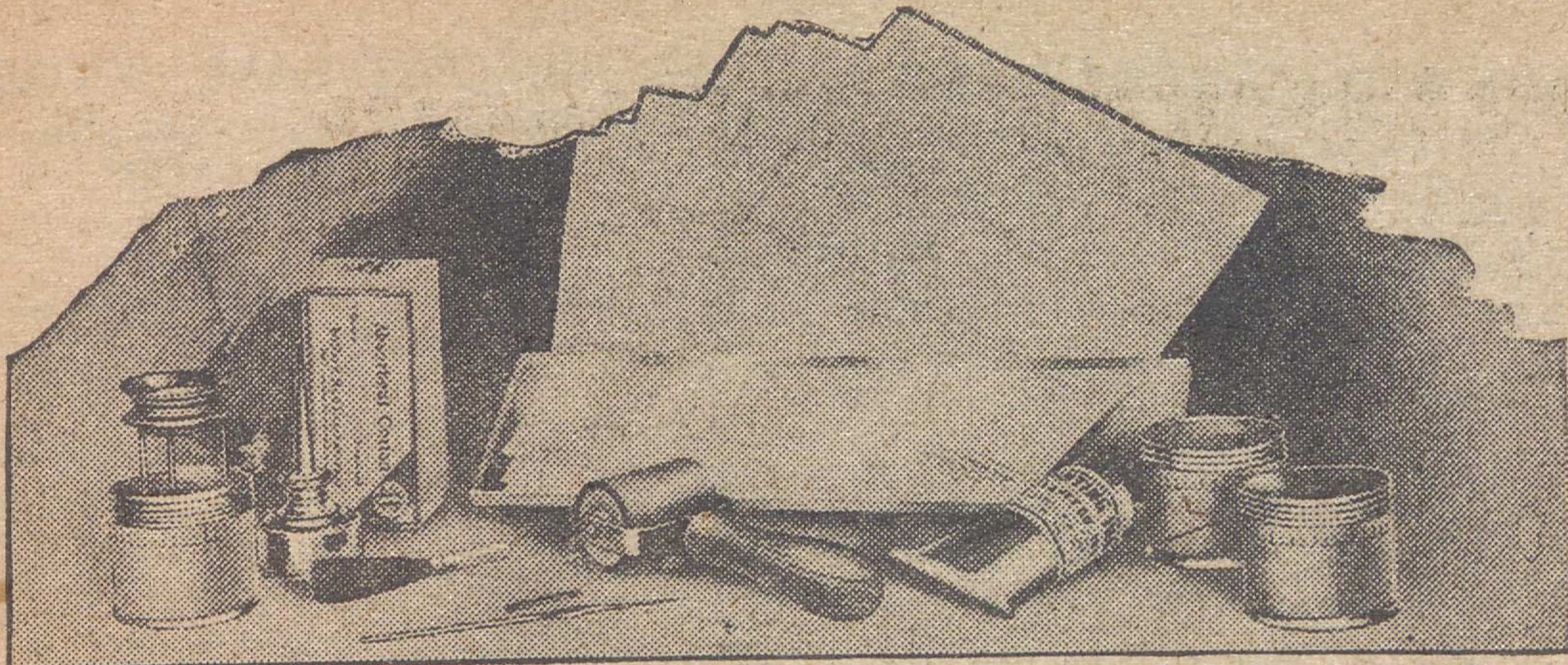
THIEVES STEAL COPPER FOR GOLD

Eight river pirates, evidently looking for a consignment of narcotic drugs brought here on the White Star liner *Olympic* and destined for various drug firms, held up three watchmen on Pier 59, North River, at the foot of West Eighteenth street, and stole ten heavy boxes of copper, which they apparently mistook for gold.

Michael Malloy, a watchman, was making his rounds when he saw two men in the dim light. He started toward them and, half way across the pier, was seized from behind. He was forced into the waiting room where he was tied up and guarded by two of the thieves.

Five minutes later Charles Campbell, another watchman, missed Malloy and started out to find him. As he passed a bale of jute, he was knocked unconscious and thrown behind the bales. The next victim was James Duffin, roundsman of the watchmen, who was trapped by a sack thrown over his head, disarmed and carried to the waiting room.

Some time later the sound of a departing motor boat told the two in the waiting room that the pirates had gone. Duffin got free of his bonds, and untied his companion.



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- 968 Out for Business; or, The Smartest Boy in Town.
- 969 A Favorite of Fortune; or, Striking It Rich in Wall Street.
- 970 Through Thick and Thin; or, The Adventures of a Smart Boy.
- 971 Doing His Level Best; or, Working His Way Up.
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